

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 17, 1956

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

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Golf Champion

**ANNE QUAST**

of Washington

*A color portfolio  
of some leading ladies  
in the amateur ranks*





Mr. and Mrs. DeLancey Nicoll III toasting the flamingos at the Caribe Hilton, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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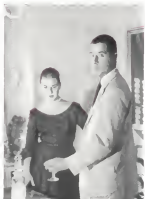
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COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO, ONE FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 24, N. Y.

Back home, the Nicolls add an extra half jigger of rum to their daiquiris—"to make up for the Long Island climate."

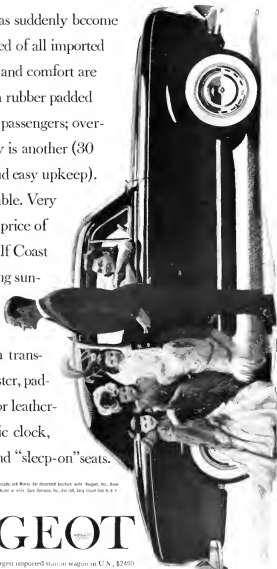


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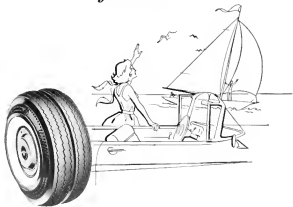
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Cover: Anne Quast ▶

Pretty Anne Quast defends her Women's Amateur Golf title next week against a bevy of good-looking girls, several of whom are shown in color portraits on pages 35 to 36

Painting by Daniel Schwartz

## Next week



▶ Stavros Nearchos is the No. 1 owner and operator of ships in all the world. Among them is a beautiful three-masted schooner. Astonishingly photographed in color by Brian Sweet.

▶ Having gone on safari in Africa, Sports Illustrated's Virginia Kraft goes hunting on "the 49th frontier" and comes home with two record trophies and an exciting story.

▶ While boxing is embedded in investigations, there is, we are glad to say, a real fight worth reporting. Martin Kane describes the Archie Moore-Yvon Durelle record match.

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## MEMO from the publisher

THIS ISSUE OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED marks our fifth anniversary. Since Volume 1, Number 1 in 1954, far more has happened in the world of sport than during any preceding five-year span since man first ran a race or desisted from labor to play a game. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED started when it did because all signs pointed to this phenomenon. The start was hardly a coincidence; the time looked right.

What was coincidence, as if arranged by a friendly destiny, was the circumstance by which an event unprecedented in the long history of sport became Paul O'Neil's lead story in our first issue. On this birthday, you may enjoy reading its opening paragraphs.

*The art of running the mile consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of exhaustion at the instant of breathing the tape. It is not an easy process, even in a set-piece race against time, for the body rebels against such agonizing usage and must be disciplined by the spirit and the mind. It is especially more difficult in the amphitheater of competition, for then the runner must remain alert and cunning despite the fogs of fatigue and pain; his unobtrusive calculation of pace must encompass measures for position, and he must harbor strength to save for the mares of other men before expending his last reserves in the war of the homestretch.*

*For events in sport offer so intimate a test of human courage and human will and human ability to dare and endure for the simple sake of struggle—classically run, it is a heart-stirring, throat-lightening spectacle. But the world of track has never seen anything quite to equal the "Mile of the Century" which England's Dr. Roger Gilbert*



VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

*Brammer—the tall, pale-skinned explorer of human exhaustion, who first cracked the four-minute barrier—was here last Saturday from Australia's world-record holder, John Markiel Landy. It will probably not see the light again for a long, long time.*

Not quite like ever, I suspect. But the years since then have had a full measure of other remarkable achievements; and, if anything is certain, there are many more to come.

As we enter our sixth year of publication, Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce says it this way:

"We cannot promise you what victories we will report in the months ahead, what dramatic moments our writers and artists and photographers will capture for you—sport is too unpredictable for that. But we do promise to be the best of sport, all in one place—and to bring it to you with an eye for action, a nose for news, and an ear for truth. And, we might add, with heart and humor."

*Arthur Murphy*

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HEAD PHOTOGRAPHER: John G. Zimmerman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:

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## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED





## faces in the crowd . . .



**CLARENCE CHAPPELE**, Williams College tennis coach and director of New England tennis championships, was named coach of Junior Davis Cup team, will see them through the Nationals at Forest Hills September 4.

**BETS EFFLAND**, 16-year-old Waterbury, Conn., equestrienne, borrowed a mount, Beezerbub, and extruded a dozen ribs to win newly offered President of United States Trophy at Ridgely, Conn. horse show.



**LARRY LEE**, 17-year-old Stevens golfer who carries own bag even in tournaments, defeated Mike McMahon, 16, of Atlanta, 2 up in the final 18, to take the national junior golf championship at Palo Alto, Calif.

**HELEN WEISS SHANK**, eight times Wimbledon, seven times National tennis champion, was named to the National Tennis Hall of Fame, along with the late Bill Tilden, who ruled the courts with her in the 1920s.



**LOUIS G. LINDBERG**, 30, rowman under Calumet's Ky. Ebright, later head rowing coach at Stanford, was named crew coach at U.S. Naval Academy, will replace retiring dean of crew masters, Rusty Callow.

**BOB SCHUBERT**, 15-year-old gunner from St. John's Military Academy, Beltsville, Wis., became youngest ever to shoot his way to world all-purpose skeet title, after shooting 100 straight to break tie at Virginia Beach.



**MARY FREEMAN KELLY**, former national backstroke champion and wife of Olympic single sculler Jack Kelly Jr., coached Philly's Vesper swimming team to new U.S. women's 400-meter freestyle-relay record with 4:23.8.

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## Here's the campus fashion picture for fall '59

As the summer vacation period draws to a close, it's time for co-eds to think about that all important back-to-school wardrobe. And the girls who represent the College Fashion Board are glad to help us out. Since the young ladies hail from the leading colleges and universities all over the country, this picture is an authoritative bird's eye view of what we can expect the nation's fall campus fashion picture to look like.

Going from left to right, the fashion girls are: Stephanie Concelani, University of California—I. Magnin & Company,

San Francisco. Sheila Yang, Finch College—Julius Garfinckel & Company, Washington, D.C. Louise Steigeler, Pembroke College—Wm. Filene's Sons Company, Boston. Ann Weller, Goucher College—Hunder's, Baltimore. Betsy Turner, Goucher College—B. Altman & Company, New York. Philippa Lay, University of Southern California—I. Magnin & Company, Los Angeles. Eugenia Ryan, Chestnut Hill College—Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Nancy Johnson, Michigan State University—Cavon Pine Scott and Company, Chicago. Joanne Norman, St. Mary's of Notre Dame—Burdine's, Inc., Miami. Sally Campbell, University of Georgia—J.P. Allen & Company, Atlanta. Susan Shidaker, Ohio Wesleyan—The Higbee Company, Cleveland.



And the smartest new cars on the campus this fall are these new SIMCA models from Paris. (Just introduced during vacation time.) The 4-door sedan at the left is the SIMCA Elysee. The chic 2-tone hardtop at the right is the SIMCA Grand Large. High style cars, but upkeep costs are way down. In fact, many SIMCA owners report savings of literally hundreds of dollars a year since getting their cars. You spend only half as much for gas as you used to. And SIMCA cars cost less to buy, 'cause all the "extras" are already built-in.

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# SIMCA

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The San Francisco Giants had a few other hallplayers in the lineup besides the sensational Willie McCovey (see page 58). A chap named Willie Mays did a bit of key hitting (5 for 19), Jack Sanford and Sam Jones allowed the Braves only one run apiece in pitching complete-game wins, and Johnny Antonelli four-hit the Reds. Young Mike McCormick lost the only two games the Giants dropped since McCovey came along. The Los Angeles Dodgers got encouraging performances from two pennant-winning pros and moved right along with the fast-stepping Giants. Duke Snider batted .512 and drove in 15 runs in 11 games (the Dodgers were eight of them), and Johnny Podres threw a four-hitter, his first complete game in eight starts. Just when the Milwaukee Braves looked as if they were going to take charge of things in the National League (they had beaten the Giants and had moved into first place, the defense fell apart and nobody hit in the clutch. The Braves lost three in a row, to the Giants and Dodgers, and slipped two and a half games behind. The Pittsburgh Pirates erupted for 23 hits and 15 runs in one game and 12 hits, seven runs in another. But when Bob Friend pitched they didn't score any runs at all. It's been that way in three of Friend's last five starts. "I'm snake-bit this year," commented Bob (4-14 for the season). In his 15 most recent games Friend had a sparkling 2.86 ERA, but he lost seven of them and won only three. Roy Face, on the other hand, gave up 15 hits and seven earned runs in 10 relief innings without losing. His record went up to 15-0. The Chicago Cubs floundered into the second division for lack of hitting, especially in the outfield. During a seven-game losing streak, Cub outfielders batted a dismal .123, drove in

only five runs. The St. Louis Cardinals' youth movement started to pay off. Rookie Bob Gibson, Bob Miller and Ernie Broglio all pitched strong games last week, and young Manager Solly Hemus was rehired for next year. Broglio's four-hit shutout was his sixth win (against two losses) since he started using a wind-up. "Ernie said he felt more comfortable without the wind-up," said Hemus. "I asked him if he preferred to be uncomfortable in the majors or comfortable in the minors." Without a wind-up Broglio had lost five, won none. The Cincinnati



**SOLID PITCHING** by Chicago's Bob Shaw and Cleveland's Jim Perry helped both teams. Shaw has 11 wins, Perry eight.

a soft, since the Orioles had lost two 17-inning games to the White Sox earlier in the season. It was all or nothing for the New York Yankees. In four successive games the winning pitcher threw a shut out. Happily, three of them were Yankees. After weeks of bad news, the Yankees finally had something to smile about: Bob Turley came back after a long layoff (chewed chest) and pitched a brilliant four-hit shutout, striking out 10. The Kansas City Athletics flustered away the profits of their recent 11-game win streak by losing nine of the next 11 games. The sudden slump of Roger Maris, the team's top power hitter, hurt badly. Since leading the league at .344, he has had only four hits in 44 at bats, and has dropped to .304. The Detroit Tigers clinched the season's series from the Yankees for the third time in the past four years. It didn't mean much this time, since the Yanks aren't going any place. For that matter, neither are the Tigers. They immediately lost two out of three. In one of those losses, they had a 3-0 lead in the ninth with two out and nobody on base. The Boston Red Sox got good hitting at the right times and won four in a row (three by 4-3 scores). Speedy Gary Geiger, now a regular in center, batted in nine runs, hit .320 for the week. Frank Malzone knocked in seven, batted .469. The Washington Senators' monumental losing streak reached 18 games before Tex Clevenger ended it with his first major league shutout. "Maybe I can sleep now," muttered Manager Lavangetto "I feel as if I can breathe again."

Standings: Chi 56-42, Cle 64-48, Bos 51-53, NY 55-54, Det 54-58, KC 52-58, Mil 50-60, Wash 45-62

## RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team Runs Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
Yankees (51)	74	57	131
Baltimore (48)	72	51	123
Pirates (43)	64	59	123
Milwaukee (40)	66	56	122
Minors (40)	66	53	119
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
Boston (51)	77	66	143
Pittsburgh (51)	89	52	141
Atlanta (44)	80	59	139
San Francisco (40)	68	70	138
St. Louis (39)	78	57	135

\* Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs

Reds slowed down when their hitting collapsed in successive games with the Dodgers and Giants; in each they made only four hits. The Philadelphia Phillies continued to get good pitching but they won only when the hitters woke up and helped out a little.

Standings: St 62-41, LA 62-49, Mil 55-48, Phil 54-57, Chi 52-57, SF 50-58, Cle 51-58, Pitt 48-64

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox won four out of six although their anemic hitting fell off even more. "If they keep up the way they've been going," said Owner Bill Veeck, "they're going to change the entire concept of baseball. Who ever thought a team could win the pennant without a big RBI man, the No. 3 or No. 4 hitter who drives in runs?" The Cleveland Indians lost Billy Martin for the season (broken jaw and fractured cheek) and Vic Power temporarily (jammed finger). Herb Score made his first start in 12 days and gave up four walks, seven hits and four runs in 3 1/3 innings. Said Manager Gordon: "He's through as a starter unless somebody gets hurt, or one of the Big Four (McLish, Bell, Grant and Perry) becomes ineffective." The Baltimore Orioles got good pitching from, of all people, Billy Hoelt and Arnold Portocarrero, whose combined record was 2-11. And each beat the White Sox. Then O'Dell and Wilhelm combined to hold the Sox to an 18-inning 1-1 tie. This was progress, of

## STARS OF THE SEASON

American League National League

THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games won	Loy Del 24-7	Antonelli 21-18
Wins, 100	Wynn, Cle 14	
Complete games	Pinchot, Wash 13	4 tied with 16
W, per game	Score, Cle 6.62	Antonelli, SF 7.22
W, per game	Wynn, Del 1.57	Radtke, Mil 1.16
CG, per game	Score, Cle 7.17	Greene, LA 1.83
Runs per game	Wilhelm, Bal 7.43	Antonelli, SF 2.21
THE BEST HITTERS		
Percentage	Ryan, Del 367	Austin, Bal 365
Home runs	Wynn, Cle 34	Banks, Cle 31
	(1 per 17.1 AB)	(1 per 22.8 AB)
Extra base hits	Wynn, Cle 51	Austin, Bal 51
Runs scored	Wynn, Cle 58	Pinchot, Cle 58
	Wynn, Cle 54	
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Fielded avg runs	Cleveland 4.25	Cincinnati 3.94
Fielded avg hits	Chicago 3.94	San Francisco 3.93
Fielded avg runs	Kansas City 3.95	St. Louis 3.92
Fielded avg hits	Cleveland 1.26	San Francisco 1.17
Fielded avg runs	Washington 1.18	Baltimore 1.12
Fielded avg hits	New York 1.12	Baltimore 1.12

## TEAM LEADERS

	Batter	Home	Pitcher
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14
CG, 100	Pinchot, Wash 13	Wynn, Cle 14	Wynn, Cle 14

Based on statistics through Saturday, August 4

## COMING EVENTS

August 11 to August 20

All times are E D T

★ Color Televised ★ Televised ★ Network radio

### Friday, August 14

- BASEBALL**
  - ★ San Francisco at Chicago, 7:00 p.m. (Mutual) (replay)
  - ★ National Baseball Congress Finals, Wichita, Kans., through Aug. 31 (Mutual, Aug. 17, 18:30)
- BOXING**
  - ★ Johnson vs. Moroff, heavyweight, 10 rds., Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL**
  - ★ College All-Stars vs. Baltimore Colts, Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE SHOW**
  - Illinois State Fair, Springfield, Ill. (through Aug. 21)
- TENNIS**
  - Inter-Zone Davis Cup Final, Chatham Hill, Mass. (through Aug. 16)

### Saturday, August 15

- BASEBALL**
  - ★ Los Angeles at St. Louis, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
  - ★ San Francisco at Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)
  - ★ Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**
  - World Star championships, Newport Beach, Calif. (through Aug. 22)
  - Isle 110 championships, San Diego (through Aug. 22)
- FOOTBALL** (pre exhibitions)
  - Detroit vs. Chicago Cardinals, Norman, Okla. (N)
  - Green Bay vs. Chicago Bears, Milwaukee (N)
  - Philadelphia vs. New York, Hershey, Pa. (N)
- HORSE RACING**
  - ★ Saratoga Handicap, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (CBS, E.T., NBC) (radio)
  - Arlington Million, \$50,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.
- TENNIS**
  - Wightman Cup Matches, Swarthmore, Pa. (also Aug. 16)

### Sunday, August 16

- BASEBALL**
  - ★ Boston at New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
  - ★ Los Angeles at St. Louis, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
  - ★ Cleveland at Detroit, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- FOOTBALL** (pre exhibitions)
  - Washington at San Francisco
- TENNIS**
  - USLTA Doubles championships, Chatham Hill, Mass. (through Aug. 23)

### Monday, August 17

- ARCHERY**
  - Natl. Target Archery tournament, Laconia, Pa. (through Aug. 21)
- BOATING**
  - North American Flying Dutchman championships and Pan American Gyrocopters, Nantuxet, Mass. (through Aug. 27)
- HORSE RACING**
  - Duane Handicap, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (radio)
  - Bosnia Colt Stake race, \$45,000, Springfield, Ill.
  - Bosnia Colt Stake race, \$55,000, Springfield, Ill.
  - Bosnia Colt Stake race, \$42,000, Springfield, Ill.
  - Bosnia Colt Stake race, \$42,000, Springfield, Ill.

### Tuesday, August 18

- TENNIS**
  - USLTA Girls' International Team Matches, Greatertown, Pa. (through Aug. 21)

### Wednesday, August 19

- BASEBALL**
  - ★ Baltimore at Chicago, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - ★ Bessy vs. Moore, feather title bout, 15 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
  - Saratoga Special, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y.

### Thursday, August 20

- BOATING**
  - North American Dragon championships and Pan American gyrocopters, Chicago (through Aug. 22). See local listing

# GILBEY'S GIN



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CONVOCAION of impresarios was called by Promoter Bill Rosenzohn, who flew to Paris to discuss new boxing alliances.



LONDON BRIDGE between European and U.S. boxing has been Promoter Jack Solomons, long a close friend of the IBC.

**SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED**  
AUGUST 17, 1959

## THE BIG FOUR

**Trailing the far-flying Bill Rosenzohn, Sports Illustrated's man discovers the beginnings of what may be a quadruple entente among the world's foremost boxing promoters**

by GILBERT ROGIN

**L**AST WEEK Bill Rosenzohn had long, earnest conversations with Ingemar Johansson and Eddie Ahlquist in the sitting room of a sedate Paris hotel.

The purpose of Rosenzohn's meeting with the champion and his adviser was in part to explain the developments of the turbulent week, including his dramatic resignation from Rosenzohn Enterprises, Inc., and to reaffirm his interest in and friendship for the champion. He urged Ingemar to do everything possible to go through with his return bout within the contracted 90-day period, recognizing however that Ingemar's objections and fears were indeed justifiable. He also discussed the possibility of future defenses after the rematch,

when Rosenzohn would once again emerge as the promoter.

Rosenzohn clearly indicated that he was not through with either boxing promotion or Ingemar Johansson, but at the same time it was evident that he was in Paris for a broader and more daring purpose. It could not be a coincidence that at the same Old World hotel with Bill, Ingemar and Eddie were Jolly Jack Solomons, the British fight promoter, and grim Truman Gibson of NBE (successor to IBC) aide-de-camp to the celebrated James D. Norris. It was obvious that this curious company had come to Paris with a larger, more difficult aim than climbing the Eiffel Tower. Certainly the four most significant promoters in the world and the cham-

pion of the very same world had been summoned by one of the five to talk shop. It seemed again quite probable that a formidable entente was in the making, an entente that would make previous coalitions seem puny by comparison.

What also emerges is that Bill Rosenzohn, far from being an impoverished refugee from boxing's devious, clubby world, still maintained, and was striking from, a position of considerable power—and that power was clearly Ingemar Johansson. It is an old axiom that the man who controls the heavyweight champion controls boxing. Bill does not control Johansson, who controls himself, but he does have his trust and that is certainly next best.

Some other points about the Paris summit meeting are worth noting. Rosenzohn was the host at the convention. Johansson was not only the guest of honor, but in a sense the massive and valuable centerpiece. What could have induced Gibson to come to



PRIME MINISTER for Jim Norris, under whose portrait he sits, Truman Gibson hunts for a heavyweight title fight.



ADVISER to Ingo, Swedish Promoter Eddie Ahlqvist reminds the group that the heavyweight champion holds whip hand.

# MEET IN PARIS

Drawings by Mure Simont

Paris? I can think of three good reasons: Johansson, Rosensohn's good name with the public and his good (nonmonopolistic) standing with the Federal Government. Gibson and his boss Norris have none of these, and certainly one reason that Johansson was in Paris was to display to Truman and Jack that he was still Bill's boy.

How Rosensohn could use fellow promoters Gibson, who must watch his monopolistic step these days, and Solomons, who usually plays ball with Marse Jim Norris, hardly needs stating. They have immense reservoirs of talent and capital. We shall hear more from these strange new bedfellows. We may expect an entirely new architecture in boxing, and not merely another façade. One should not prejudge from the Paris personnel what this architecture might look like. Remember, the master builder is likely to be Bill Rosensohn, and he has promised to compromise no more.

As for Johansson and the rematch,

despite Rosensohn's exhortations, it is hard to see how the fight can take place this year. Ingo reiterates that he does not yet have a satisfactory accounting of his moneys, and anyway, time is growing perilously short to prepare for an outdoor fight in the temperate zone.

Meanwhile, the catalyst Rosensohn passes along the balmy, palmy concourse at Cannes to the casino. The orchestras tell softly of the promise of love in front of the vast pastel hotels. Across the even waters of the bay, part of the Sixth Fleet rides before the Maritime Alps. In the casino, Rosensohn bets on black at the crowded table. Ask him why. "It is the only thing I could reach," he says, but he wins.

He is a gambler, and perhaps his luck is turning.

Rosensohn was not talking for publication, but a few days before in

Göteborg, Ingemar had talked to me quite clearly about his plans and purposes.

"I tell you one thing," Ingemar said. "I will not fight in September. There is not enough time to get ready. What can they do if I do not fight? Take away my money? The Government would get it anyway. I would not have done this exhibition tour if I had my money. It was hard work, I tell you, but it cost me a lot of money to go over to the States so I had to do it."

"I am tired now and I have to rest. I do not train."

"No, I am not going to America right away. Kahn (Irving B. Kahn, president of TelePrompTer) called me up last night and said that I had agreed to go to America in August. I told him I had never said that. We talked and at the end he said he had put it down on tape. I do not like

*continued on page 60*

Turn the page for Martin Kane's analysis—and the other dramatic personnel



**CUS D'AMATO**, manager of Floyd Patterson, may spurn money—but seeks power.



**CHARLEY BLACK**, Cus's friend, has been answering questions before a grand jury.



**HARRY DAVIGOW**, Brooklyn luncheonette owner, still wants 10% of Ingemar.

## WHEN MILLIONS ARE AT STAKE

by MARTIN KANE

THE SCRAMBLE among the world's top boxing promoters, as described by Gilbert Rogin, is not for pennies. Ingemar Johansson, heavyweight champion of the world, is a property worth millions of dollars. He is easily the most attractive champion of many a year, both in fighting and personal qualities. He is the antithesis of the shy, retiring Floyd Patterson who was so overshadowed by his ebullient manager, Cus D'Amato. He will come out of all this a millionaire and, in the process, he could make a few other millionaires. All the principals in this play would dearly like to be millionaires.

They are forward-looking troglodytes, very intelligent of their kind. They foresee the approaching day when pay television comes in, when the heavyweight championship will be worth so much that the golden days of Dempsey and Tunney will seem like dross. Even now, however, with theater television attracting a million-dollar box office on big fights, the heavyweight championship is heavy money.

After promoting two championship fights Bill Rosenzohn has yet to make his first dollar out of boxing, for neither bout made money at the stadium gate and he was coolly frozen out of

the truly lucrative theater-television end of the business.

But as long as Champion Ingemar is on his side, Rosenzohn is on his way to riches. Ingo is the guy to tie to. That is why Truman Gibson and Jack Solomons are so busy designing knots.

Gibson has a rather special problem. As president of National Boxing Enterprises, Inc., the court-created successor to James D. Norris's International Boxing Club, he is debarred from starting all over again the pattern of monopoly that led to the end of the IBC. He cannot, for instance, participate in the promotion of a fight in New York. That city, under the antitrust decree, is forbidden territory to his corporation. Norris and Rosenzohn have discussed the possibility that Rosenzohn might sell



**INGEMAR JOHANSSON** insists he will not fight until the situation clears up.



**FLOYD PATTERSON** probably must wait until next year for his return title shot.



**FRANK HOGAN**, N.Y. District Attorney, moved quickly to uncover the hoodlums.





**CECIL RHODES** claims the honor of making \$5,000 as a nonpromoting promoter.



**IRVING KAHN** TelePrompTer gourmet president, once employed Bill Rosensohn.



**VINCENT J. VELELLA**, lawyer, politico, took over two-thirds of Bill Rosensohn.

Norris the one-third of Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc. that Bill still owns but the antitrust shadow hung over that possibility and, furthermore, there is no assurance that Rosensohn Enterprises will ever be of any importance in Johansson fights. Ingemar has said that he wants nothing to do with its present executives, now that Bill Rosensohn has departed.

Rosensohn has a special problem, too. He needs financial backing. To get it for the Patterson-Roy Harris fight, he turned to his old employer, TelePrompTer. To get it for the Johansson-Patterson fight, according to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan, he turned to Gil Beckley, one of the nation's top gamblers, who then introduced him to an unidentified underworld figure. This unidentified

man, says Hogan, "operating through a front, obtained an interest in Rosensohn Enterprises." When Rosensohn Enterprises was finally constituted in its present form, one-third of it was owned by Rosensohn, two-thirds by Vincent J. Velella, an East Harlem politician and lawyer whose clients in the past have numbered policy racketeers (and who, in some manner still unclear, seems to have acquired the one-third interest conceded to Charley Black, who Rosensohn says was foisted on him by Cus D'Amato).

Other personnel of the underworld have been named by Hogan in connection with the case. He has invited Frank Erickson, "king of the bookmakers," to testify about peripheral matters before the grand jury. Last

weekend he was trying to snag Trigger Mike Coppola, who has been connected with murder in East Harlem and gambling in Florida, to tell what he knows to the grand jury.

Small wonder that Bill Rosensohn, before he left for France, was guarded by a detective from the district attorney's office. He has been playing in rough company. He may need a bodyguard for a long time to come.

The need for financial backing in Rosensohn's great weakness. The search for it has led him into the hoodlum jungle and if he allies himself now with the successor to the IBC he will not be too far removed from it. An old hand at keeping managers and fighters in line was Frankie Carbo, who had more than an

*continued on page 60*



**GENERAL KRULWICH**, N.Y. boxing commission chairman, was also investigating.



**FRANK ERICKSON**, king of the bookmakers, was called before the grand jury.



**GILBERT ROGIN**, sports illustrated reporter, flew far and wide for his stories.

# CONTINUALLY IN A CLOUD

**Baseball was at its slam-bang best when the National League's three top teams met head on in California last week**

FOR ALMOST four months the National League pennant race had been a hodgepodge of contending teams, sometimes as many as six stacked within half a dozen games of the lead. It was fun but hardly unusual; the staggering gait of the Yankees over in the American League and the possibility that the White Sox or Indians might win the pennant seemed much more important.

Then, on July 22, the Braves and the Giants and the Dodgers began to move out. Their paths never cross-

ing, they fattened up on the Cubs and Pirates and Cardinals, winning and winning and winning again. By the morning of Aug. 4 it had become a triangular affair, neat and clean and dangerously explosive. And that was the day the three teams began to run into each other. Even American League fans stopped to watch.

Most of the interest early in the week centered on San Francisco's pleasant but crumpled Seals Stadium, where the Braves, in third place but only a game behind, came in to chal-

lenge the Giants. Milwaukee won the first game behind Warren Spahn, and the race was even tighter than before. But then the Giants, their pitchers performing beautifully and their amazing rookie first baseman, Willie McCovey, supplying the spark (see page 58), won the next two. Throughout the series a cloud of dust seemed to hang continually over home plate. The pitching was mean, the hitters tough, the base running deadly. As if in appreciation, in a ball park which can seat only 22,800, the average attendance was 22,896.

Next it was the Dodgers' turn. Having split a pair with Cincinnati and fresh from a two-day rest, they were ready when the Braves moved

**CRASH AT THIRD** sends Braves' Aaron into lap of Sam Jones of the Giants, who was spiked but stayed in game.



**DASH FOR HOME** sends Giants' Willie Kirkland sliding arrow the plate ahead of throw to the Braves' Del Crandall as capacity crowd

Photographs by Phil Roth

# OF DUST

south. On Saturday night, before a vast crowd of 90,000, of which more than 67,000 were paid, Don Drysdale pitched Los Angeles to a 4-2 victory. But on Sunday Milwaukee held on to win 8-7. And the Giants, their lead endangered once again after dropping Saturday's game to Cincinnati, responded with a 10-inning 4-3 victory over the Reds.

It had been a tremendously exciting week—yet there had been no explosion. No one was down, no one was out. The three teams seemed equal. It also seemed that this sort of thing might go on for another seven weeks. If you like baseball, who could ask for anything more?

—ROY TERRELL



in intimate little Seals Stadium gets an umpire's-eye view of the pennant race.



BRaves' LOGAN DECIDES NOT TO SLIDE, HURTLES INTO PLATE STANDING UPRIGHT



GIANTS' LANDRITH IS BOWLED OVER BY LOGAN BUT GARELY HOLDS BALL FOR OUT





**SPECTACLE**

*Photographed by Garry Winogrand*

# Youth's Concrete Joys



On a baking summer day all the world of sky and breeze and water pities the poor kids of New York—sidewalk-bound, city-broiled. But the truth is the children of New York are “having wonderful time.” They see streets and sidewalks as their playing fields, the cars, cops and people merely as additional hazards and challenges met with special games and special rules. In these pictures they are shown having their own kind of fun. On Sunday, August 16, at 11 a.m. E.D.T. they come to life on Bill Leonard’s *Eye on New York* program (CBS-TV)—same kids, same games, with Leonard’s commentary, which also embellishes these pages.

**S**tickball is any ball, any stick, any street, any number can play—but it’s vaguely baseball. A hydrant may be first base, a parked car third. Passing cars instead of umpis call “time.” Natural hazards add spice—curbstone not to break, sewers to skan ... but there are also homers to be smacked.

## Skelly

is typical of the kind of sidewalk battle 3-year-olds fight by the hour. Cake or beer bottle caps are swapped with thumb or finger from spot to spot numbered 1 to 18 on a chalked square. This is a big-city adaptation of marbles, which roll out of control on pavement.

## Wolf!

In this variation of tag, one of half a dozen kids starts by counting down "Cub scout, you're out!" until one boy is "it." Each player "it" tags becomes his partner until finally only one is left free. Garbage cans, stoops and parking meters are "trees" behind which players duck.





**Johnny on the pony** is roughhouse for all ages. The attacking team jumps on back backs of the defenders. When all are piled on, defenders must have strength enough to stay on their feet and yell in unison "Joking on the pony!" three times, or else attackers get another try.





**P**atsy is hopscotch almost everywhere else but New York, but in Manhattan it's mostly patsy—and a lass who never steps on a line can draw quite a crowd of admirers.



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *What Every Governor Should Know*

WHILE boxing was having its cold-war conferences from Paris hotel rooms to New York grand-jury rooms, a governor was getting his own first look at the inside of this battle-weary sport. Alarmed because hoodlums had threatened a Los Angeles fight promoter, and may or may not have beaten him up, California's Governor Edmund G. Brown asked his attorney general a question that has troubled many another American sports fan. "What," the governor might have informally put it, "is going on with boxing?"

California Attorney General Stanley Mosk has now sent Governor Brown part of the answer—a 16-page report short on investigative detail but beefed up with some outspoken recommendations. Leaving the case of Promoter Jackie Leonard to the FBI and the federal grand jury now investigating it, the Mosk report looked directly into the operation of the California State Athletic Commission. Considered one of the best such commissions in the country, this California agency was still subjected to criticism by the attorney general, and on grounds which the governors of other states can well consider.

The California commission is, like all such commissions, faced with two conflicting tasks. On the one hand it is a revenue-collecting agency receiving a percentage of each boxing and wrestling admission ticket sold, and on the other hand it is a regulatory agency, charged with enforcement of the state's athletic laws. The admission taxes are used to operate the commission. If the commission sanctions no major fights there are few admissions; therefore scant salary money. Thus, it is in the financial interests of

the commission to let nothing stand in the way of big fights in California, and yet these are the very fights which the commission should scrutinize the hardest because they are the most tempting to hoodlums. Boxing figures are well aware of the financial situation of the commission and use it to ignore state laws when they feel the commission wouldn't dare clamp down and prevent a major fight, the Mosk report states.

The report also took a broadside

whack at television—"The television impresarios have not demonstrated any great degree of reluctance to deal with criminal elements in the boxing business"—and urged that the commission be freed from any supervision of "that bolsterous fraud called professional wrestling."

But it is in its stand on financing that the Mosk report comes closest to the critical issue involved in boxing supervision by state commissions.

*continued*



*"I didn't see them coming either."*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Even a government agency cannot be expected to bite the hand that pays it. To avoid losing revenue, it may turn its back on violations of the very laws it is charged with enforcing. That, in short, is the story the Mosk report gave Governor Brown. The solution, the report said, is to let the athletic commission draw on general state funds to make up any shortage left after admission taxes are collected. But this would appear only half an answer, for as long as boxing was still a major source of financial support the commission would not have a free hand.

By taking the next step, and having athletic commissions draw all money from state general funds, the financial dependency of the agency would end, and enforcement of state boxing laws could begin.

Failure to take such action could end with adoption of another recommendation of the Mosk report—federal boxing legislation. Would such legislation, or even formation of a federal boxing commission, be advisable? Possibly so, if state athletic commissions continue to close their eyes to blatant violations of the laws they are supposed to enforce.

Governor Brown is to be praised for his demand for a boxing investigation in his own state. His curiosity might well be followed by chief executives in other states. Then they, like Governor Brown, would begin to find out what is going on.

## They Said It

**YOGI BERRA** of the American League All-Stars, weighing the disadvantages of trying to catch a ball coming out of the sea of white shirts in the Los Angeles Coliseum bleachers against the advantage of a 95,000 seating capacity at World Series time: "Lead me to the bank. I'll find those pitches if I have to feel for them." **HOYT WILHELM**, evaluating the short left field fence in the same manner: "A pitcher's nightmare. But I'd love a Series here. The cul we'd get! I wouldn't care if they put the fence at third base." **TED WILLIAMS**, summing up: "I'd never holter. A major leaguer can adapt to any park."

**FRANKIE CARRO**, boxing's Hoodlum No. 1, keeping mum on boxing while being transported by police from New Jersey to New York (where he was subsequently released on \$100,000 bail), but essaying an observation on baseball: "That Willie McCleary may give the Giants the pennant, though I still like Milwaukee. Of course, you understand I'm not a gambling man."

## Getting Ahead

**FRANK LANE** is the head man of the Cleveland Indians, make no mistake about that, but call him by that phrase these days and he may wince and change the subject. What is making the Indian general manager publicly sensitive, if privately delighted, is a bonus arrangement in his contract under which he collects a nickel a head for every Cleveland paid admission over 800,000.



The Indians ended their recent home stand in a blaze of attendance glory, topping the 1 million mark when 35,000 paid to see a doubleheader. This brought the nickels-for-Lane fund to a tidy \$10,478.10 total. At the present rate the Indians may draw 1,400,000 this year, giving Fiscal Frank a \$30,000 jackpot bonus to add to his estimated \$60,000 salary.

Lane has modestly declined to comment on his bonus arrangement and plainly suffered when a daily box score of his take was published. But with Cleveland fans as enchanted by the Indians as Lane must be with the fans there seems no cause for concern. And who could blame Frank

if he spends the rest of the home season with one eye on the diamond where his Indians battle for a World Series chance (no, Lane would get no bonus for Series games) while his other eye wanders over the stands, counting nickels.

## Bear-eating Fix

**FOLLOWERS** of boxing have had to confront so many painful evidences of scandal and excessive self-seeking in that great sport lately that it may be a relief, of a sort, to catch up with what has been going on in the gourmet sport of bear eating in McCleary, Wash. (pop. 1,175). The latest competition was admittedly rigged, but the rigger owned up right away and has been pretty much forgiven.

Our story begins last spring when the editor of the weekly newspaper in Stevenson, Wash. (pop. 584) wrote a piece stating that bears shot in Skamania County, where Stevenson is located, taste better than bears shot in Grays Harbor County, where McCleary is located.

There wasn't much news in Stevenson that week. Norman Porter, the editor of the McCleary *Stimulator*, roused to fury, replied with cutting remarks about Skamania bears and glowing claims for the goodness of Grays Harbor bears—claims Porter supported with testimonials from the McCleary Chamber of Commerce (president, Norman Porter) and the McCleary Historical Society (president, Norman Porter). Newspaper columns took up the controversy, the town council of McCleary built a community kitchen in the town park, and, in connection with a reforestation festival, there has been held what was advertised as "The First International Bear Eating and Bear Judging Contest This World Has Ever Known."

Now comes the interesting part. One bear was entered by Roy Craft, the boastful editor of the Skamania County *Pioneer* (who started the whole thing). Bears No. 2 and No. 3 were entered by Bill Hulet, a professional hunter from Grays Harbor County, and Roe Franklin, another professional, from Mason County.

Finally, Bear No. 4, a Grays Harbor, was entered by 27-year-old Joe Wallman, who said he had shot the beast in Weyerhaeuser Company's timber just south of Elma (pop. 1,543).

Early the other Saturday morning Wendell Peagh, a McCleary chef renowned for cooking bear, prepared all entries in the same way. Butchering out cuts of 13 pounds or less, he made slits in the meat and inserted slivers of garlic. He covered each roast with fine chopped parsley and celery (tops and all) and roasted at moderate temperature in open pans. As the drippings gathered, Wendell added savory sauce, paprika, salt, pepper and native wild beach mushrooms.

Results were delicious. The meat was served shish kebab style, in chunks on sharpened sticks, and visitors (about 1,000 at the festival) lined up for second and third helpings. The official judges unhesitatingly declared that Joe Wallman's bear was by far the best tasting. Before any official award could be made, word spread that Wallman's bear had been handled before being shot. Called before the judges, young Wallman, an honest man, told all. He said he spotted the bear in the Clemsons Tree Farm operated by Weyerhaeuser three weeks before the contest. Rather than shoot the bear then, and store it in a home freezer, he decided to wait. Night after night he provided tasty pots of salted mush, stewed oatmeal and fruit, which the bear ate with relish. Then Joe pulled the trigger.

Implacable judges awarded the first prize to beaming Editor Roy Craft on



"Instead of my name, could I have 'Keep your head down' imprinted free on them?"

young fir trees to get at the oozy sap from the cambium layer below. In the original wilderness, since young trees were widely scattered, they did not do great damage. But, with the development of tree farms for reforestation, it is estimated each bear in the Olympic Peninsula kills an average of 1,300 trees a year. As a result, there is no limit on bears in the peninsula, no license is required to hunt them and the likelihood is that bear-eating contests will go on and on.

### The Latest in Torches

ALTHOUGH the Greeks could doubtless have coined an appropriate word for it had the necessity arisen, they had no way of knowing that nearly 3,000 eager young Americans would someday be carrying a torch loaded with an electronic, radioactive miracle more than 1,400 miles to light a fire.

What is billed as "the biggest

relay-team event in sports history" is now in progress, with boy scouts and Explorers bearing the Friendship Torch steadily toward Soldier Field in Chicago. The long trek, being conducted at scout pace (alternate stints of 50 steps walking and running), started at Laredo, Texas and will end when the torch touches off Friendship Fire to launch the Pan-American Games on August 27.

The torch, 35 inches high and weighing four pounds, is an electrical, battery-powered gadget with a transistorized circuit. It carries a radioactive charge which will be used to trigger the Chicago fire, 1959 version.

The torch's long journey actually began at Mexico City, site of the 1957 Pan-American Games. From there, relays of Mexican boy scouts hustled it north the 740-odd up-and-down miles to the Rio Grande and delivered it ceremoniously to their U.S. opposite numbers in the middle of

*continued*



the ground that his was the best of the bears fed on wilderness fare alone. But no local censure was directed at Hunter Wallman. Black bears have become mighty unpopular in the Pacific Northwest. Emerging from winter hibernation, they have an insatiable appetite for sweets, which they satisfy by clawing the bark from

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the International Bridge at Laredo.

On this side of the Rio Grande each scout runs one mile—in daylight only. At night the torch is carefully put aside in order to keep the scouts from being knocked about the countryside by something the ancient Greek torchbearers did not have to worry about—speeding automobiles.

### Slipping Booty

FIVE YEARS AGO this week the first issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was published and, in the line of parlor games, we included a highly improbable fiction called *Ladle Rot Rotten Hut* by Howard Chace, a language teacher at Miami University, Ohio. With an insidious knack for distorting the spoken word when putting it on the printed page, Chace blithely started his story, "Wants pawn term" (for once upon a time), and let the reader struggle on from there. Read aloud, and preferably in company, Professor Chace's frammis constructions made a sense of their own. So much so, indeed, that a collection of them—titled *The Anguish Language*—was published in book form by Prentice-Hall in 1956.

Now, as an aunt a verse ray (excuse us), hello, Professor Chace has contributed another fairy tale as it might be told by a psychotic speller with a speech impediment. Here is his not-so-Grimm rendering of *Slipping Booty*. With the helpful hint that "Lessen, poisoned gulls," should be translated "Listen, boys and girls," we turn you loose to see how fast you can figure out what really happened to the handsome prince:

Lessen, poisoned gulls, ditcher wander hair annulled furry tell a boarder Slipping Booty? Hoeenake? Wail, heresy starry.

Wants dare worsted putty ladle prances hoe hat ban puttor slip furry hunter cheers buyer wicket an shellfish furry gourd murder. Dish putty gull, pimple set, worse line honor bet, sounder slip, inner bet rum off annulled gloaming casserole, saturated inner lodge, dock florist.

Nor bawdy wen entity florist, an

fur servile furry gourd raisins. Honor itch offer florist worse assign witch set:

NOR TRASH PASSION!

NOR HAUNTING AN FISSION!

KIP ART!

Warts mar, dish florist worse surrendered buyer larder brambling bushels, wet lung, shop sticklers witch grabbed pimple hoe traitor gore entity florist. Nor bawdy cut gat pest doze hobble sticklers.

Jester seam, dare worse wan person hoe worse determinant toe gore entity florist an finder Slipping Booty an wagon erupt. Dish parson worsted hansom prance, hoe lift inner gorges palates wetters fodder an murder, hoe warder kink an coin offer lend. Wan moaning dish gourd-lurking bore-stuttered toe toilers fodder warty worse garner doe.

"Nor! Nor!" erater kink. "Dun bay searching end bustle! Yonder nor sorghum stanches shutter parson gore enter debt florist! Debt florist's inhibited buyer larder goblins an udder wicket erasers! Itch mush toe dentures furry hormone bang!"

"Yore fodder's quit rat," setter coin, hoed ban lessening, "an, bay-sides, denture seed assign? NOR TRASH PASSION!"

"Sore wart?" aster prance wetter snare. "Hose skirt assigns? Are dun peony tension tomb!"

"Wail," contingent haze murder, "wart aboard doze brambling bushels? Ditcher wander scorcher hens an



### New Ball, Please

Baseball leaves the pitcher's hand,  
A little spheroid of white;  
It is a fast-breaking ball,  
So it shatters while in flight.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

phase? Wart aboard yore closing? Ditcher wander tertier pence honor sticklers?"

"Dun wary aboard mar closing, Murder," reprisal prance. "Arm nutty gamper turret wetter sticklers."

"Wail," setter coin, "watcher wander wagon upper Slipping Booty fur, any-ware? Suture worming! Liner slip, during nosing, furry hunter cheers! Batter kipper worse firm debt candor worming; dare nor gourd!"

Wail, poisoned gulls, dish prance dint peony tension tories murder an fodder. Necks moaning, hay burrowed annex firmer word shopper, an wacky! wacky! wacky! hay shopped danner brambling bushels an wen entity florist. Fur lung, hay retched dole casserole an, clammung upper steers, suddenly entity bet ram offer Slipping Booty.

"O bore!" setter prance tomb shelf, "water gourd-lurking prances!" Any nudist, spatially, oiler putty yowler coils sprat art honor pellar. Tap towing tutor bet, hay stupid darn and caster honor chick.

"Gore ware," setter prances. "Conjure seer arm slipping?"

"Itch tam toe wagon ope, sweat hard," whiskered door prance. "Yore banner slip furry hunter cheers!"

Herring doze hobble warts, door prances stuttered sopping historically; dingy lipped otter bet an lurked adder shelf inner lurking gloss furry lung, lung term.

Shay worse justice putty ashy oyster bay!

Wail, chaldron, jester maker lung starry shirt, dish harpy cobble felon buff rat aware an, fur lung, day war becalming horse barn an wail. Door prance tucker prances hum tutor gorges palates toe lift wetters fodder an murder an oily uddes inner kink's lodge firmly.

Ware day harpy? Dun asthma! Effervescent fur wan ladle think, dish cobble miter ban furry contended an congenital, butterprances, hoed jest slapped furry hunter cheers, dint wander goiter slip akin, enter pore horse barn hatter stare wake oil gnst lung, lessening tour tuck aboard oiler pimple inner palates an spatially a boarder murdering lore, door coin!

## Around the clock: Clean-Cut Wools



*Morning break . . .* and the campus crowd shows its colors . . . in news-making slacks of bold wool plaid . . . in bulky knit sweaters with wool's rousing textures. Rich colors that are here to stay, cleaning after cleaning, because wool locks dye in, all the way.



*Mid-afternoon . . .* fresh wool out front in jackets and slacks that win embrace honors. Wool's unique resilience gives marathon wearability—helps prevent classroom bag and sag, fights wrinkles, keeps clothes next day in, day out, all semester.



*After dark . . .* tapered wool suit with new vested interest. Because wool tailors as no other fabric can, the look is confidently trim—details are smoother, crisper. And only wool freshens itself on the hanger, anticipating the next night out.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE WOOL GATHERING GAMES, WRITE: WOOL, 51 AND LIVINGSTON AVE., NEW YORK, NY



nothing measures up to

**Wool**





NEEDLELIKE PEAKS OF KARAKORAM RANGE LURED THE WARBURTON PARTY INTO ONE OF MOUNTAINEERING'S WORST TRAGEDIES

## THE MOST PERILOUS SPORT

**B**YRON leading four companions up into Asia's treacherous Karakoram mountain range last month, Dr. Keith Warburton, a 31-year-old English physician, wrote in a Pakistani newspaper: "For most of the climbers it is their first time in the high Himalayas; may they acclimatise well to the altitude and may the weather hold fair." The weather did not hold fair, and last week search parties had to assume that Warburton's expedition, two weeks overdue, had perished in blizzards or avalanches high on the frozen landscape of a nameless 25,540-foot peak.

Unfortunately, the Warburton tragedy is not unusual, for, of all sports, mountaineering is by far the most perilous. For every outstanding peak ever conquered by man, the price has always been correspondingly high. Mont Blane has lured more than 60 men to their deaths. Mt. Everest has taken a smaller but still significant toll. And, ironically, the dangers of climbing rise with its popularity. Experts court death when they scorn the routes already mastered by others. Striving to force a passage where no passage exists, they frequently fall afoul of their wish for uniqueness. The novice invites disaster when, in order to hasten his sea-

soning, he undertakes climbs beyond his ability. The sport is safest for a solid middle group: respecting a mountain's treachery to the full, the middle-road climbers rarely overextend themselves, they rarely suffer undue physical hardship and, almost always, they return.

If the methods of mountaineers can be roughly classified, their motives cannot. All seemingly find their serenity enveloped in a mystique never fully explained by them or fathomed by outsiders. Quite bluntly,

a British psychiatrist declared last week that "climbers are driven by an unconscious impulse that is definitely suicidal." More acceptably, another psychiatrist spoke of mountaineers' desire to "put themselves to the test, place the decision about their own lives in God's hands. If they come back, they consider themselves worthwhile." Maybe Wilfrid Noyce, a British poet and climber, makes the most sense when he speaks of mountaineers beset by a "atroak of madness . . . descended from the stars on which they fix their eyes."

Keith Warburton has left as good a valedictory testimony as any in words he wrote for the Pakistan paper. In two brief articles he dwelt on the hard work, the comradeship and the joys of the climb. Suicidal tendencies and feelings of inadequacy, at least, are concepts remote from these words: "Dawn in the high mountains has a beauty all its own. To the east, the sharp rock peaks become slowly rimmed with light, and the sky, above and beyond Yarkand and China, becomes a pale water-colour green. Tomorrow, in the first light of day, we plan to carry our loads through this short, unpleasant and rather dangerous region to the greater safety of the snows above."

ENO



MOUNTAINEER WARBURTON'S valedictory can stand as his testimony.

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



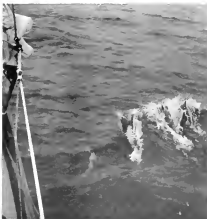
DEENSE FOG SHROUDS A SEA-POUNDRING 'CARINA' DURING RUN TO NEWFOUNDLAND, FIRST STOP ON HER VOYAGE TO ENGLAND

## SAILOR'S ROUTE TO THE LIZARD

*Photographs by Norris Hoyt*

As many a tourist will testify, an ocean voyage is a pleasant and relaxing way to get to England. But when Skipper Richard Nye sailed his 53-foot yawl *Carina* across an angry Atlantic it was anything but relaxing. The crew came aboard at Newport, R.I. expecting a leisurely passage, only to find Nye in a hurry to get to England for the traditional summer sail race from Cowes to Fastnet Rock and back to Plymouth. With the

BEFORE STORMY SAIL FROM ST. JOHN'S, DICK NYE SIGNS GUEST BOOK AT CROW'S NEST AS HOST DAVID STAMPTON LOOKS ON







ICEBERG PASSES ASTERN AS CREWMAN JOHN BARNEY TESTS THE WATER TEMPERATURE. ICE FLOES WERE A SERIOUS THREAT

determination of a Captain Bligh he mapped a northerly course past Newfoundland, which was having its worst year for ice since 1937. This disturbed Nye not a bit—he had always wanted to see an iceberg firsthand.

On the run to St. John's harbor, Newfoundland, Nye saw his first iceberg, and many more that swirled out of the mist. Once at St. John's, reports came in of a tropical storm working its way up the coast. Rather

than wait it out, Nye headed *Carina* back into the mist for England. After four days the fog lifted and the barometer dropped. Nye stuck to his course, and *Carina* rolled, heaved and slammed her way through shouldering seas. At sunset on the 11th day, with dolphins to greet them, they sighted The Lizard, rocky outpost of England. With an average daily distance of about 182 miles, it was a record crossing for a boat *Carina*'s size.

AFTER RECORD PASSAGE OF 19 DAYS, EIGHT HOURS, 'CARINA' IS GREETED BY TEAM OF PLAYFUL DOLPHINS AND LIZARD SUNSET





**CLUTCHING RACKET** like Pancho Segura, Bill Lenoir kicks up red clay of Stowe Stadium court. Tournament runner-up, he has also made Junior Davis Cup squad.

## THE TENNIS FUTURE IN KALAMAZOO

THESE were free movies, dances and picnics, but mostly there was plain hard work for the 244 youths entered in the Junior and Boys' tennis championships at Kalamazoo, Mich. "I don't have much time for social life," said Dennis Ralston, an earnest 17-year-old from Bakersfield, Calif. "You get homesick and lonesome, but if you want to win, that's the way it's got to be." And, eventually, that was the way it was for Ralston, whose singleness of purpose carried him to the Junior finals and to victory last week over Bill Lenoir of Tucson, Ariz. James Beste of Baton Rouge, La., meanwhile, won the Boys' division over Rodney Kop of Honolulu. Said Rolla Anderson, chairman of the tournament: "The U.S. tennis future looks just great."

*Photographs by Art Sling*

**NOW TOP U.S. JUNIOR.** Dennis Ralston, 17, leaves ground returning ball. He has been playing tennis for the past 12 years.





**SHARPENING** his serve, Charles McKinley puts in morning practice. A loser in Junior semifinals, McKinley defeated Dick Savitt days later in Eastern grass court championships in New Jersey.

**IGNORING** giggles and stares of admirers, Neal Marcus, Frank Bertram and Jack Kamrath talk tennis. Earlier both boys and girls had gone to a tournament dance aptly called the Tennis Ball.

# Babes of the Woods— and Irons

A GOLF COURSE, almost any golf course, is beyond all argument one of the most esthetically pleasing sights in sports. Trimmed, landscaped, bucolic and imbued with a sense of leisure which most of those who play on it often wish they could themselves actually possess, as they drive, swing and putt their way around, it is an almost perfect backdrop for any kind of contemplation—particularly girl watching. Golfers, alas, do not give too much time to this, being intent on their own game (and also, by hallowed tradition, rather anti-girl-on-golf-course, as Joan Flynn Dreyspool points out on pages 39–41). Magazine editors, however, are less likely to be thus inhibited, particularly when the girls begin to gather for an event such as the 59th USGA Women's Amateur Championship, which will begin next week at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C. To honor those who will staunchly reaffirm the rightness of women's presence on the links, a gallery of pretty and highly competent girl players has been assembled on the following color pages. Most of them will be competing, including the defending champion Anne Quast (*see cover*) who could be the ninth woman in the 65-year history of the event to win the title twice or more in a row; and Judy Frank Jablow (*page 36*) who, having at first announced that marriage and career would prevent her from participating this year, proved that women are still women, even if they are golfers, by changing her mind.



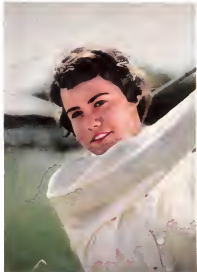
**Joanne Goodwin**

*A piquant and stylish 23-year-old from Haverhill, Mass., she possesses a wonderfully aggressive golf game and has been on the verge of a tournament victory many times this year, finishing second in the Doherty, North and South and Eastern amateurs.*



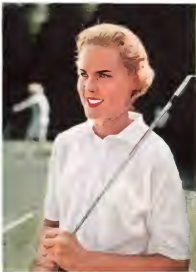
**Judy Frank Jablow**

*Blonde, energetic and 24, Judy is one of the most successful golfers in the New York area but has yet to do anything important nationally. Recently married and hard at work as associate editor of Golf magazine, she will not compete in this year's Amateur.*



**Sharon Faddoo**

*Only 16 and 5 feet 6 inches tall, Sharon, a junior at Dubuque, Iowa high school, has a promising future in golf. She takes pride in her deft work on and around the greens.*



**Anne Richardson**

*This tall blonde with the turned-up nose is 23, works as an investment broker in Columbus, Ohio. She was on 1958 Curtis Cup team, also reached 1957 Amateur semifinals.*

**Polly Riley**

*One of the most competent performers in women's golf, Miss Riley, from Fort Worth, has been on six Curtis Cup teams, reached finals of the 1955 Amateur championship.*



**Judy Eiler**

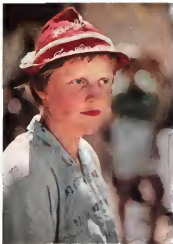
*This attractive girl of 18 hits the ball a long way and will be a favorite in Washington. She has won two national junior girls' titles, is now in the midst of a great year.*





**Judy Bell**

*Lonely, trifling and a long katter, she is 20, a senior at Wichita University. This year she was runner-up in both South Atlantic and East Coast amateurs.*



**Jo Anne Gunderson**

*Amateur champion in 1957, she is 20, comes from Kirkland, Wash. and is probably longest-hitting amateur. She is current Western Amateur champion.*

**Betty June Bebel**

*Cute and demure, Miss Bebel lives in Warwick, R.I. She is 21, has already won her state title three times, the state junior girls' championship on two occasions.*

**Toni Woolworth**

*This sophisticated young socialite from Connecticut created a major upset last year at Duxien by defeating former British champion Philomena Garney.*





# 'IT'S A MAD WORLD AND WE LOVE IT'

**So says a lady golfer who, having carefully investigated the subject from history to hysterics, concludes that the women players are here to stay—more and more of them**

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL

THE morning was ideal for golf—clear, warm, sunny. Along with 119 other women I was standing around the first tee of the famous West Course at Winged Foot, waiting to compete in the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association's one-day event. It seemed the perfect time to get some firsthand opinions on what the fellow addicts of my sex felt about this game to which we had all fallen such complete and willing victims.

My tee-off time wasn't until 10:58. I was hot, having spent 10 minutes in a stuffy phone booth, sending a telegram to the National Golf Foundation in Chicago, requesting some statistics on women in golf. Three avid golfers, accompanied by the husband of one of the tournament officials, joined me as I sipped iced tea on the terrace.

"I'm doing a story on women in golf," I cued them.

"I'll tell you what I think," was promptly offered by a girl who gives up the game with regularity. "I came to the conclusion that I was completely overtaught. I think this is one fault in the woman golfer. As you go along in years, you take more and more lessons and learn so many theories that your head is crammed with confusion. 'You're thinking of too many things, just get up and hit,' a pro told me yesterday, and that's just what I'm going to try today."

"Women play closer to the rules than any group of men in the country," the only male present said. "You can send women out to play and tell them each putt has to be holed and you know darn well it will be, but I bet my bottom dollar you say the same thing to a group of men and they won't do it."

The second woman, unlike most of us who are content to play for a nickel or a dime a point or a 25¢ or 50¢ Nassau, if we bet at all, liked to play for much higher stakes, but she was single and had her own income. She didn't have to worry about risking her husband's money.

"The other day I played with some doctors," she said. "Now these are men who toe the line in all other walks of life, but I saw them tee the ball up in the rough. If you say anything to them about it, they laugh like kids caught with their hands in a cookie jar. So what can you do—hit them over the head with your nine-iron?"

Such disillusionment had not crept into the soul of the third golfer. "To me golf is completely absorbing," she said. "It's the only chance a woman who isn't in business has for real competition. A woman of my age—I'm 54 (trim and smartly groomed, she certainly didn't look it)—feels young when she gets out there competing with all those younger girls.

My score doesn't matter so much to me. It's the playing that I like."

My wire to the National Golf Foundation brought a prompt airmail reply.

"Statistical information on women's golf is spotty," wrote Rex McMorris, the executive vice-president. "There are few records or statistics on women's play in past years so that it is difficult to chart any kind of a growth picture. However, during the past week we have come up with some figures on the estimated increase in the number of golfers in the U.S. for the past 10-year period. Women's play has increased 52% since World War II [see box page 40].

"Our estimate is that women's play makes up 19% of all play," Mr. McMorris noted. "Based on samplings, we found that women's play in some areas is as low as 10% or 12%, while in other areas it's as high as 40% to 45%. I am told at some private clubs that women's play now accounts for about 50% due to the fact that women are able to play more through the weekdays than are men. We have a report from a West Coast public course that women's play accounts for as much as 80% of the total play because of a very active women's program."

Legend has it that Mary, Queen of Scots, was the first woman golfer in the world. Women have been playing golf in the U.S. for nearly 70 years. The first official golf club barred women members, but in 1889 on the then six-hole St. Andrew's course in Yonkers, New York, in the first mixed foursome on record, a Miss Carrie Low, complete with cinch belt, flowing skirts, veil and bonnet, teamed with Mr. John Reid against Mrs. Reid and a Mr. Upham.

Shinnecock Hills Golf Club in Southampton, Long Island foretold the feminine shape of things to come. In 1893 Shinnecock built a nine-hole course exclusively for women. Shinnecock, too, boasted the first clubhouse in the U.S., again reflecting a woman's touch. Even though they had invaded the alleged man's world of golf, women still demanded the com-

continued

ventures and luxuries of a well-appointed clubhouse, a principle to which they cling even more strongly today, as any harassed house committee head will testify.

In 1893, the year organized golf for women came into being in England, a group of enterprising damasks formed a seven-hole club in Morris County, New Jersey. Each hole was a drive and an iron shot, suitable for driver, chick, mashie and gutta-percha ball. This daring venture was so successful that the course was expanded to 18 holes, and Morris County was the scene of the second women's national championship in 1896, the men's national in 1898 and the first championship of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association in June 1900.

The first USGA-sponsored Women's Amateur Championship at the Meadow Brook Golf Club in Long Island in 1895, an 18-hole medal-play tourney, was won by Mrs. Charles S. Brown of Shinnecock Hills, who struck 132 dainty blows. The next year there were sufficient entrants for a qualifying round and match play. Sixteen-year-old Beatrix Hoyt, America's first female golf star, won the qualifying medal with a 95 and also the championship. Even then women needed to rely upon a good short game. The 1899 amateur champion, Miss Ruth Underhill of Nassau Country Club, was famous for her finesse around the greens.

There were 1,000 golf courses in the country by the turn of the century, and there are approximately 5,956 today. Philadelphia formed the first women's golf association in 1897. Now more than 125 state and regional women's golf associations have taken up the cudgels for fun and fair play for the fair sex on the fairways. Never underestimate the power of a golfing woman. We may not outdrive the men, but we have more drive.

Women's golf is so well organized today, both in associations and clubs, that any woman who will volunteer for duty can get a taste of being an executive, junior or senior. She can outline tournaments, appoint committees, buy trophies, post notices, compute handicaps, figure scores, settle arguments, explain rules.

A woman who hasn't shed a tear over her game, or had a rule called on her, or been the victim of gamesmanship, or blown a crucial putt, or had tournament jitters, or known the

suspense of whether or not she would qualify, or experienced the thrill of a good shot or the joy of strolling along a fairway on a summer's day cannot call herself a golfer.

"When Glenna Collett became so popular after World War I, women started taking more lessons and practicing more," explained John R. Ingalls, head pro at the Fairview Country Club in Elmsford, New York for the last 52 years. "The game became more streamlined, from clothes and equipment on down. Today women take more lessons than the men. If it weren't for the women, the pros



FIRST CHAMPION, Mrs. Charles S. Brown of Shinnecock, N.Y., shot a 132 in 1895.

wouldn't make the living they do today."

"The transition of many clubs from golf to country clubs, from men's sanctuaries to social centers, is due to the influence of women, who have helped to make golf a family game in which the children can participate with their parents," stated Joseph C. Dey Jr., executive director of the USGA.

"The inauguration of ladies' day for most clubs has proved to be a desirable feature and a financially successful one," a club president told

me guardedly, as though the board of directors were tapping his line.

"What are the problems of a club president with women in golf?" he repeated in response to my question. "Do you have a couple of hours? I should have kept a book, *Complaints I Have Had*. What some of the men say I won't dare repeat, but the women want to know. 'Why are our hours so restricted on weekends? Why do we have to give men preference? Why can't we play in short shorts instead of Bermuda-length?' As for that last question," he added, "I tell them it's too distracting. The men would lift their heads even more than they usually do."

In the world of commerce there is an endless chain reaction to the increasing popularity of golf for women, starting with the swimming pools, tennis courts, ladies' locker rooms, additions and improvements to the clubhouse that must be made to accommodate the women and children. Manufacturers of all golfing equipment, from clubs to clothing, inside and out, have benefited by the boom. If all the charm bracelets that women have bedecked with their golfing mementos in gold, diamonds and precious stones, were stretched end to end, they would probably encircle any golf links.

The National Golf Foundation didn't have any statistics on how much women spend for golf, but any husband will tell you that wives spend more than they, the husbands, can afford.

"It's cheaper than doctors' and psychiatrists' bills," I tell my golfing mate when the monthly tabs come in. "Where else could we have all that lovely fresh air and exercise and give vent to our spleen at the same time?"

"The AT&T," a husband who really loves his wife in spite of how he sounded told me, "should sponsor all women's golf, with the number of phone calls they make about it. At 7:30 in the morning, suddenly they call. Before my wife learned how to play golf—and I was the dope who talked her into trying it—she

#### THE GROWTH OF WOMEN IN GOLF

Golfers	1948	1958	Amount of increase	Percentage of increase
MEN	1,945,997	2,845,000	899,003	46.2
WOMEN	620,880	795,060	174,180	28.2
JUNIORS	275,923	330,090	54,167	20.0
	2,842,800	3,970,150	1,127,350	44.8

wouldn't get up before 11. Now she gets up at 7:30 just to talk about it.

"The girls play six days a week, and by Thursday of each week my wife has a guilt complex. 'Why don't you take Friday off?' she tells me. 'I don't want to take Friday off,' I tell her. She feels guilty. She insists, 'It's healthy,' she says. 'You're pale. You should be outside playing golf.' So what happens? I come up to the club late Friday afternoon to spend the weekend. I expect to find my wife all dressed up and waiting for me so we can have a couple of leisurely cocktails before dinner. Is she ready?



**TEEN-AGE TITLIST.** Beatrix Hoyt, won tournament and medal with 94 in 1896.

Oh, no! She's in the bathtub, soaking. She's had a hard day on the golf course."

Yet when his wife won a tournament a few days later and her victory was written up in the newspaper this same husband, who spends a fortune in advertising, was as pleased as if his name were in print for the first time.

One ladies' day I overheard a 44-handicapper call her husband's office and insist his secretary interrupt a business conference. "I had to tell you the good news, Ed," she gushed happily. "I won a tournament today—for having the most 8s."

And I've answered the phone many a time in the 19th hole to hear a hapless husband who was so concerned about the outcome of his wife's match that he couldn't concentrate, let alone wait to find out, ask pitifully: "Did my wife win?" I've seen a child cry when his mother lost. "Don't worry, honey, it's only a game," she

consoled him—but everybody knows it's a lot more than that.

In spite of the occasional scores in the high 60s and the constant rounds in the 70s posted by the lady pros, they in no way reflect the average woman's game. Nor does the low-handicap amateur's. Any class-conscious handicap chairman, thumbing through her rack of cards, can tell you the C players outnumber the B's almost two to one and the B's outweigh the A's. They're all in there pitching—and putting, or trying to, and each seeks a different solace.

"Golf has always been a mental therapy for me," confided a 62-year-old grandmother who has survived three major illnesses within the last 10 years—removal of a cancerous left breast, a serious abdominal operation and, lastly, a heart attack. "When I get out on the golf course I feel I'm alive," said this smooth-swinging golfer, a 15-handicapper who gives strokes to women 30 and 40 years younger. "I'm exhibit A for what golf does for you. Since my heart attack I use a cart, but 10 years ago, three months after my breast operation, I started swinging a club again. The doctor told me it was good for me. I began to play again the next summer. My left arm isn't quite as strong as it used to be, but I can still occasionally shoot in the high 80s, and I've never gotten over the thrill of hitting a good shot."

"I may not play well, but I play fast," a 40-plus player said proudly when she was included in a foursome with A players.

"Women usually play much faster than men do," a starter told me, "and I'd rather try to push 200 women off the first tee than 50 men. Women make up their game before they get on the tee. They already know how many strokes they're giving and who gets what. That speeds up play a lot. The men get on the tee and then make their matches; who, how much and how many. All this while they should be driving. Meanwhile, the hole's opened up. One thing, though—around the first tee, women are louder than men. When you have 25 women talking all at once it sounds like 125. Women have more to talk about, I guess."

Golf, for instance.

"I have some of my longest shots on the putting green." . . . "My husband can't stand it when I threeputt; he'd rather see me shank." . . . "And then she said to me, 'Go ahead

and shoot, you can't reach the green.'" . . . "That's not as bad as the one who said to me, 'I didn't know you sliced,' so I kept slicing and finally when I stopped and started hitting again she said to me on the 15th tee, 'I didn't mean to upset you before when I said you sliced.' Boom!" . . . "Did you hear that Helen had to cancel out of the tournament?" She came home from the qualifying round and was fixing dinner when she dropped a frozen roast beef on her foot—broke her big toe. . . .

Or the post-mortems after team matches: "We were all even going



**SHORT-GAME STYLISH.** Ruth Underhill of Nassau, N.Y., was a genius on the greens.

into the ninth. I sank my putt for a 6 and she says to me, 'You had a 7.' 'I did not, I had a 6,' I tell her and told her every shot I had. 'You had a 7,' she insists, so I drew myself up to my full height and said, 'I'm a Brownie leader. I've taken the Brownie oath. *I do not lie.* I had a 6.'"

The horrible part of it is that sometimes when you come home and tell your husband, "A terrible thing happened to me today on the golf course," he suddenly becomes anti-female and says, "What's wrong with you women? The men don't have all that trouble."

Then later he'll repent and listen to every lurid detail, with the admonition, "O.K., so next time you'll know better."

No matter how you slice it, and slice them we do, we women are in golf to stay. It's a mad wonderful world, and we love it.

**END**

## ORDONEZ vs. DOMINGUIN

Ernest Hemingway and John Blashill describe the 'mano a mano' in which Dominguin was gored, and Mary Hemingway offers an intimate account of the convalescence of a matador

by JOHN BLASHILL

A SQUAT middle-aged man in a rumpled white suit rose from his *barra* seat, jabbed his right flat high in the air and shook it hard. In a voice harsh with accusation he bellowed at two figures standing not ten feet away from me in the *calles*: "¡Ya ha llegado la hora de la verdad! [The moment of truth has finally arrived.]"

It was a challenge, not a statement, and the man in white was speaking for every one of the 12,000 aficionados who had gathered in the Valencia bull ring on this Thursday, the 30th of July, 1959. For this was bullfighting's most important moment in more than a decade—since August 28, 1947, when a hawk-nosed, mournful matador named Manolete was fatally gored in a hick town named Linares. Today was the day the world's two greatest matadors—and greatest rivals—first were to meet on the sands, alone.

The older of the two had known the strain of hard dueling before. He was Luis Miguel Gonzales Lucas Dominguin, 33, who 11 years ago had challenged the great Manolete, had fought and won at Linares the day that Manolete fought and died. The younger was Luis Miguel's brother-in-law, Antonio Ordóñez, 27, perhaps the purest artist yet produced by the classic sobriety of the Ronda school.

Last year both matadors had the finest season of their careers, and Spain was split between *ordóñezistas* and *dominguistas*. But it seemed improbable that they ever would meet because of an old family feud that persisted even after Ordóñez married Luis Miguel's sister.

In April, however, the feud was resolved, and in June a series of cartels matched the two masters. At Zaragoza, Luis Miguel cut three ears, Ordóñez one. In Barcelona the result was the same, and again at Puerto de

Santa María. The back changed at Tudela—Ordóñez cut four ears, Dominguin none. This brought them to Valencia and Tuesday, July 28. If they fought well on that date, a *mano a mano*—an admitted and open duel on the sands with each matador taking three bulls—would be scheduled for Thursday, July 30. Ordóñez cut two ears, Dominguin none, but the crowd was wildly enthusiastic and the *mano a mano* was scheduled.

On Thursday afternoon I stood behind the *berlindero* of the Valencia ring, watching the open door of the *toril* with Miguel and Antonio. The first bull was slow coming out, and Luis Miguel, seeing nothing to be gained by waiting behind the *berlindero*, strode out into the ring, shouting to his assistants: "¡Vale! vale! rule! (K.K., that's enough)." Miguel brought the bull through the cape for *two verónicas* ("¡Ole!") topped off by a *media-verónica*. When it was time for the *faena*, Luis Miguel started with *derechazos*, switched to his left hand for *naturales*, then went back to the right-handed passes and even did a couple on one knee. With a gusty wind getting stronger, Dominguin decided to call it quits, and killed well after one *prachazo*.

Ordóñez's first bull also walked out of the *toril* slowly, and the crowd whistled its disapproval. But suddenly the bull charged, chasing everyone in the ring to shelter. Antonio tried a couple of *verónicas*, but the bull wasn't with him. Ordóñez came up to the fence, shaking his head, saying "may mal, may mal," but when the *banderillas* were in, he walked out as if this toro were the best ever. He opened with five *estocadas* ("¡Ole!"), then eight spectacular *redondos*, and the crowd went wild with delight. Ernest Hemingway, standing next to

me behind the *berlindero*, couldn't help beaming. "This bull's got all the defects in the world," said Papa, "and this boy just owns him now." After more right-handed passes in the high wind, Ordóñez killed with one stroke and cut an ear.

The third bull charged out fast and to its left, to the *sombra* side of the ring. Miguel met it with *verónicas* ("¡Ole!"), then took it out to the center of the ring for three more magnificent *verónicas*, to the strongest *ole* of the day.

After the picadors and *banderilleros* had their innings Dominguin took the *muleta* and—close to the *barra*—did six *derechazos*, the last four in rhythmic sequence ("¡Ole!" and applause). Then he switched to the left hand, for seven good *naturales* and a *pase de pecho*. Three *woundedness* ("¡Ole!"), and Miguel was ready to kill. But the sword hit bone three times before he finally got it in. I said to Miguel as he walked up to the *barra*, "Too many bones today." He answered gracefully, "I'm surprised I have any left in my sword hand."

The fourth bull was dangerous, and the wind was high, and Ordóñez

DOWN IN THE DUST Luis Miguel is pummeled by the savage bull branded No. 322.



did only perfunctory passes before killing it with one thrust. It was now 7:40 p.m., and the sky was so black that lights had to be turned on over the ring. The bugle blew, and out came the fifth bull of the day—a big black, branded No. 122. It walked out slowly, then charged hard. Domíngula, standing at the *barra*, met No. 122 with *verónicas* and then brought it up to the *picador*. With a flick of its great neck, the bull dumped both horse and rider.

Luis Miguel called for *agua* to give his muleta weight against the wind, then started with *estatuarias* at the fence. He quickly switched to doubling passes to wear down some of the bull's terrible strength, then went back to *estatuarias*. Three *derechazos*, and No. 122 hooked the muleta out of the maestro's hand. Miguel retrieved it and started another series of *derechazos*, trying to teach the bull to follow smoothly. On the fourth pass Domíngula was suddenly no longer standing by the bull. He was on the ground. Luis Miguel tried to get up, but the horns caught him before a flurry of capes could bring No. 122 away. There were screams in the crowd. Nobody could quite believe it—Domíngula gored! As Miguel was carried to the infirmary, gravely wounded, his brother-in-law stepped out to finish off his bull with one thrust.

The last bull was the best of the *feria*. It charged out of the *toril* like good bulls should, charged honestly and smoothly as Ordóñez gave it a dozen tremendous *verónicas*. After one bout with the *picadors*, Antonio asked for *banderillas*. When the sticks were in, Antonio grabbed the muleta, made a quick dedication and actually ran out to meet the bull. Four magnificent erect *estatuarias* ("¡OH!") were followed by a *faina* built around the right hand—each pass slower, closer, more beautiful than the one before. There were *series* after *series* of *derechazos*, each capped by a slow, graceful *pasé de pecho*. Then came *monoleínas*, a more spectacular pass than the *derechazo*, but overused by almost everyone except Ordóñez. Every pass in the *faina* was in rhythmic harmony with the others. Hemingway was delirious, and so was I. "I told you he's the greatest," shouted Hemingway. "He's probably the greatest bullfighter the world has ever seen. He's the greatest I've ever seen." The crowd forced the president to award Ordóñez both ears even though he hit bone once before the final *estocada*.



DURING "MANO A MANO" PAPA AND ORDÓÑEZ WATCH HEMINGWAY FIGHT

## A MATTER OF WIND

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The wind is the greatest enemy of the bullfighter. In Valencia they were fighting in a full gale. One could handle the wind, and the other couldn't. It was the same wind for them both. But the wind caught up with Antonio two days later in Palma de Mallorca with a bull who was bad on the right side.

Both boys are in fine shape and the wounds are healing cleanly and fast. Antonio's wound is through old scar tissue and barely missed the femoral artery. But barely missed is what you try for when you straighten up with the cape and the muleta.

If Miguel heals solidly and as fast as Doctor Tamames expects, they will be matching barely missed again on August 14. Antonio is due here with us as soon as the stitches are out, and we will start the same regime that Mary describes in her piece (*next page*). When I left Antonio in the hospital Wednesday to drive down to Malaga from Madrid he was looking forward to it. This is his 13th *corrida*, and no one of them has diminished his valor. This was not a big one. But the wound was four and a half inches deep and had to be opened up in the two directions the flick of the horn took. It was a very sharp horn. Tamames opened the wound with a very sharp knife. Everybody is very sharp these days, and all hope to live long lives and be happy. They next fight the 14th and then almost every day through August and September. This is just a little vacation without pay.

Turn page for Mary Hemingway's story

## HOLIDAY FOR A WOUNDED TORERO

by MARY HEMINGWAY



AT OAVIS POOL NEAR MALAGA, MARY HEMINGWAY PHOTOGRAPHS ANTONIO AND ERNEST

*As Ernest Hemingway puts it on the preceding page, an injured matador gets a "vacation without pay." His recent injury is not the first for Antonio Ordoñez this year. Here the wife of the novelist describes an earlier convalescence, and in so doing presents a seldom-seen picture of the life of a matador "at home."*

ANTONIO ORDÓÑEZ, at 27 Spain's greatest bullfighter (SL, Jan. 26)—some say of any era—was gored in Aranjuez on May 30, this year at the end of a *faena* of such classic grace and discipline that he was awarded both ears and the tail of the bull, which he killed perfectly despite the goring. To Spaniards this disaster was comparable to Mickey Mantle's being hit between the eyes by one of Herb Score's fast balls and taken to the hospital with a broken skull. But the possible upset which could be created by Mantle's sudden incapacity would be nothing in comparison with the upsetting storm of emotion caused by Antonio's horn wound. It made an explosion of problems all over Spain, particularly in the dozen towns which had scraped together the highest of all bullfighter's fees, up to \$107,142, to watch him maneuver and kill two bulls in thirty minutes of their annual fiesta days.

Ernest saw the goring and says: "Antonio was fighting the bull in the part of the ring where the bull had faced the picadors, and the bull's hoof slipped in the sand which had been disturbed by the horses. It was like a bad bounce in baseball, since the ring should have been smoothed and watered after the third bull. This was not done because of the lack of facilities in such a small and ancient ring."

Antonio's wound, in the left buttock, was 12 centimeters deep, almost five inches. If it had been one-quarter inch higher, or one-quarter inch to the right, it would have crippled him permanently or have been mortal. As it was, it required 25 days of convalescence. Unlike bullet or knife wounds, Ernest says: "This wound is made by a horn which is sharp-pointed but widens to the size of a baseball bat and tears and destroys the muscles as it enters. It must be opened by the surgeon and all the different trajectories laid bare and cleaned. The surgeon's art is not to destroy the muscles which the bullfighter must put to use as soon as possible after the goring."

While an ambulance with Antonio and his surgeon, Don Manuel Tamames, rushed from Aranjuez to Madrid, the news flashed around Spain, and there was little talk of any other matter that night in this country. In

dimly lit mountain wine shops, in the evening promenades around the central squares of provincial towns, in the big, bright, busy resort hotels along Spain's coasts people asked each other: how deep the wound? how serious? only one penetration of the horn? would Antonio survive? how long would he be out of action? And they waited, preoccupied, for the formal announcement from Dr. Tamames, who released his statement to the press and radio at 10 o'clock. In a dozen towns and cities, among them Granada below its snow-capped mountains, Badajoz in Spain's wild western mountains and Algeiras on the sunny south coast, bull ring owners and village officials consulted in consternation over their abruptly ruined fiesta programs.

Meanwhile, Antonio's *cuadrilla*, his five bull ring employees, went home to Madrid. His sword handler and servant, Miguellillo Moraleda, prepared to go on duty night and day at the hospital. So did his wise and gallant wife, beautiful Carmen.

Antonio, our friend Bill Davis and Ernest had planned to drive together after the Aranjuez fight to the town of Bailén, Antonio driving our car, which he enjoys doing after a fight, the three of them going over the bulls and events of the afternoon and their

continued

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Illustration by JOHN MCGONIGLE

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anticipations of Antonio's fight the following day in Granada. They would have been pleased at his getting the two ears and the tail.

On this night of May 30 Bill Davis and Ernest would have stopped at Bailén to sleep and continued to Granada the next morning, while Antonio, switching to his own Mercedes-Benz with his chauffeur, would have pushed back his reclining seat and rested and dozed to Granada. Instead, Bill and Ernest returned to Madrid and the clinic where already visitors were arriving to present their sympathies and receive news.

**D**URING his busy Spanish summer, a bullfighter's life is almost never his own. He is the hub of a turning wheel of servants, secretaries, bull ring employees and impresarios, bull breeders, managers, admirers, detractors, friends and press, all demanding his time and attention. After a fight friends frequently accompany him as he hurries along Spain's winding mountain roads to the town of the next day's bullfight. When he rests in a hotel before dressing in his 30-pound suit of lights, visitors come, and some must be admitted, on business or to sightsee or to give advice or because they are really friends. When he is gored, the visiting continues in the hospital, with scores to hundreds of callers dropping in from midmorning to early next morning, to inquire, advise, and sympathize.

Spanish doctors generally take a dim view of pain-alleviating drugs; and the doctors to bullfighters, Antonio's surgeon among them, fear that the drugs may slow the reflexes on which, in the baking afternoons, their lives depend. Along with his callers and the two thousand telegrams he had to read and remember for future courtesy, Antonio had to endure fever and acute pain during the two weeks he lay in the clinic. When the fever subsided and the wound was healing, Antonio and Carmen flew down to Málaga to rest at the house of our friends, Bill and Annie Davis, in the flowering hills overlooking the old town and the sea. For the first time since April, when the bullfight season begins, they were free from their demanding, ever-changing entourage, with only as other house guests, all friends, on hand. Their lives were private for a

*continued*

ORDÓÑEZ AND DOMÍNGUEZ, who are brothers-in-law and friends as well as rivals, join in luncheon merriment. This was Luis Miguel's first visit to Antonio's new bull ranch.



MARY HEMINGWAY shoots Antonio, who shoots back with the result shown here.



CARMEN ORDÓÑEZ is photographed before the great gate of her husband's ranch.

PHOTOGRAPHER ORDÓÑEZ snapped lunch on the Davis terrace. From left: Carmen, Bill Davis, Rupert Bellville, Mary Hemingway, Ernest Davis and (back to camera) Ernest.



few days, and they spent them with the lazy grace and contentment of kittens let out of a box.

On the night they arrived, Antonio looked exhausted, his face drawn and bony. He leaned heavily on a cane. But he smiled and said, "I'm splendidly well. But the doctor says I must throw away this crutch soon." It looked impossible.

Ernest and Carmen together helped him up the marble staircase to the second-floor dining room, and he went to bed right after dinner, which was served at 11 o'clock. Before we sat down Antonio asked to have Annie's bowl of roses removed from the center of the table and explained that they remind him of funerals. He does not object to indoor flowers on other tables. Carmen's lovely, slender ankles were swollen and bulbous, the result of her having stood 12 hours every day on the tiled floor of the clinic receiving her husband's visitors. But she stood about and chatted with us a bit after dinner, as is required by Spanish courtesy. Antonio's father, who was the great bullfighter Niño de la Palma,

and Ernest were friends 33 years ago, before Ernest wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, and they had a pleasant reunion this year. We have been friends with Antonio and Carmen since 1933, before they were married, and they are among our closest and dearest young friends today.

**N**EXT morning they were both up and dressed earlier than most of us in the house. Outdoors, Antonio put aside his cane, and with Ernest holding his arm walked slowly and painfully around the Davis' bright, fragrant—and big—rose garden. For his second tour of the garden, he released Ernest's arm and went it alone, although slowly. From then on, no more cane, no helping arms. He and Carmen splashed in the pool, swam together, each with an arm around the other, pushed the Davis children about in their rubber canoes. When Antonio put out his swimming trunks to dry, they were stained red by the mercurochrome.

Antonio bought a camera in New York last March, and he now uses it expertly. So he with his new camera and I with my old ones decided to have a competition: who could make

the six best pictures while we were together, Bill Davis to be the judge.

Because his doctor had advised it, Antonio went with Carmen to sun and swim at the long, empty beaches nearby. Back in the big, cool house we chattered endlessly—of bulls and cars and countries, of bull breeding and farming, of gadgets and clothes, of our plans and of people. Antonio dutifully took siestas in the afternoons, no difficult discipline for him since in the bullfight season he customarily drives at night and sleeps during the day. Toward evening the house party would move out to the olive groves behind the house and shoot clay pigeons thrown from a hand trap. Next to Ernest, Carmen was the best shot.

From Málaga friends of the Ordóñezes came out to tea the second day, were persuaded to stay on to dinner, and we had a fine long evening full of jokes and homemade music—Carmen and Antonio singing together their favorite folk songs from every province of Spain, Ernest whistling old Navarre tunes and all of us joining in some songs. While singing, Carmen's black eyes flashed a message to Antonio, and they were up



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from the table and down in a corner of the dining room bouncing on their knees and thrusting one foot, then the other, out toward each other in a classic folk dance of Navarre. Antonio had almost recovered his usual speed, grace and economy of motion.

Next morning we learned it was the Catholic Church's day of St. Anthony and therefore Antonio's saint's day—which in Spain is more important than a birthday. We found presents: an English medal which had been struck to honor Cromwell in June 1650, now embedded in a tortoise-shell box; antique cuff links with the carved golden heads and ruby eyes of a lion and lioness; and a new, gold-plated razor. We presented them at a happy lunch on the long upstairs balcony of the house. There was fresh caviar brought from London by Rupert Bellville, an English friend of ours and a lifelong friend of Spain, and Chinese chicken and pineapple, since the Ordóñezes admire Chinese food as much as the rest of us do.

Antonio's big blue station wagon on a truck chassis arrived next day from Madrid, driven by the chauffeur of his *cofría*. The transport must be big and strong to hold seven or eight men, including his secretary, and all of the heavy gear and clothes they need on a long tour of Spain's sometimes bad roads. Antonio took the wheel, and Carmen in a black shirt and pants—very advanced for Spanish women—got in beside him. Off they went along the blossoming Mediterranean coast to their new bull ranch, Valcargado, in the rolling, empty hills (like our Nevada but greener), inland from the west coast port of Cádiz. A day later, after seeing the bullfight at Algeciras in which Carmen's brother, Luis Miguel Domínguez, in black satin and gold embroidery, fought a classically beautiful fight, the Davises, Bellville and Ernest and I followed on to Valcargado. When Antonio came out of his house to greet us at midnight, we saw that his face with its smile of welcome was already less thin and less weary.

"Come in, come in, my stomach tells me it is well beyond supper time," he said. And in reply to our inquiries, "I have only slight pain from the wound now."

Antonio and Carmen bought this ranch of 3,000 acres only 18 months ago and began to stock it with fighting bulls, cows of two different breeds

*continued*

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and two seed bulls, began raising wheat, fava beans as fodder for the beasts when the grazing is thin, and such staples as potatoes and chick-peas for the house. It is an old ranch, formerly used for raising grain rather than bulls, and is blessed with a constant water supply, rare in much of Spain, with one spring bubbling consistently out of a hilltop and other wells which do not go dry even in the burning Andalusian summer. The kitchen and sitting room of the house had been used by former owners, important names in Spain, on their one-day visits to inspect their properties. Carmen transformed former granaries into bedrooms and shiny modern bathrooms and installed country-style furniture, a motor for making electricity and a telephone. The bedrooms are simple to austere, but the sheets beneath the bedcovers, which harmonize with the curtains and rugs in different colors for each room, are hand-embroidered. She has made a house both sensible and charming.

ON our first day at Valcargado, Luis Miguel Dominguín called his sister to say he was bringing three other men to lunch. With no fluster and no apparent effort, although her country staff is small, Carmen made two tables and served a tremendous lunch—chicken soup, the traditional Spanish dish of chick-peas and cabbage and simmered meats and many kinds of spicy sausages, then platters of wild partridge marinated in oil and vinegar and spices, a good Manchego cheese and fruit and strong coffee. It was the first time that Carmen's favorite brother had come to see their ranch, and after lunch Antonio took his guests on a bouncing, bumping tour of the place. If it was painful for him, he gave no indication.

We left the next day after another prodigious lunch, made mostly by Carmen herself. Although his left leg had not yet returned to its absolute agility, Antonio was himself again, young and lively and master of his body, his hospital pallor replaced by healthy suntan, alert, thoughtful and quick in his head, with few illusions. In two weeks of pleasant country living, comparable to Tolstoy's summer house parties, a handsome, brave and subtle young Spaniard had accomplished the long journey from one quarter of an inch away from death to vibrant life.

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## Back to Saratoga and the elms

**Old trophies and love of sport, not big purses, attract racing's finest to this small-town track**

THERE WAS an old man sitting under an elm tree on opening day at Saratoga last week. Said he was 65. Said he had driven over from Rochester, 220 miles to the west. Had his *Morning Telegraph*, his binoculars and his wife with him. Ventured as how he hadn't missed an opening day at Saratoga in 31 years. The wife said that on the way back home they would stop off in Utica to eat. She knows a place that has good pot roast. They wouldn't give their names, though. You know how it is. Her sister thinks horse racing is shameful.

Once, of course, Saratoga was a fine town, a wise town, a guys' town, for it had Arnold Rothstein and Pittsburgh Phil; Sophie Tucker and Gypsy Rose Lee; the rattle of dice and the dizzying whirl of roulette. Now everybody goes bowling. You know how it is.

Last week, however, Saratoga started to do again what it has been doing so well for 90 years, filling an aching need in American horse racing. As always, it was being criticized by those who do not know what racing is all about. The critics say that Saratoga has small crowds and a paltry pari-mutuel handle when compared to Monmouth Park in New Jersey. They say that it is criminal for Thoroughbred racing to leave the city of New York for 24 days. They sneer because the State of New York is not getting enough money in taxes. But they don't say anything about Monmouth running six cheating races on an eight-race card last Wednesday when Saratoga had only two in nine.

In an age when we are rapidly ap-

proaching tile tracks and instant horses, it remains one of the brightest pleasures of the entire racing year to see the biggest and best stables racing at Saratoga for prestige and old and honored trophies. Here, in the elmed quietness of the paddock, the silks of Gwentree, Brookmeade, George D. Widener, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, King Ranch and Wheatley Stable are worn by the Arcaros, the Shoemakers, the Yeazas. Once a day there is either a steeplechase or a hurdle race and the crowds love them.

Much of the magic of Saratoga is kept for the mornings. A spectator is able to have breakfast on a terrace and listen to the exercise boys cooing to their mounts. Or he can walk around and come across some fairly strange sights, like Eddie Arcaro standing alone, whistling. If he walks to the old Oklahoma training track he might find Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons pumping water and talking to a young boy. "Son, winning is good but it's when a man loses the public really sees what he's got down deep inside himself." Just walking in the gate a casual fan will pick up some knowledge and description that is part of the race track's special humor: "That Pete Anderson's so bowlegged he couldn't catch a pig in a trench."

This year Saratoga was without a substantial rain for six weeks before its meeting opened. The blades of grass which always seem to be kept in a bright green glow were like so many nicotine-stained fingers. But on the third day of the meeting Saratoga got a heavy rain, and by the weekend the glow was back. The racing surface itself, which was too deep in the past few years, now has a three-inch cushion which makes it faster than before but still safe. An aluminum rail, mounted on offset standards set in concrete bases, replaced the old one,



NEW WHITE WALKING RING BRINGS THE

which was beginning to splinter. Popped into the middle of the paddock, away from the shade of the elms, is a white wooden walking ring that is not being received too well by the people who are used to watching the horses remain under the trees before a race. As John W. Hanes, the president of the New York Racing Association, was saying the other morning, "It isn't going over too well with the public or the horsemen."

The walking ring, however, is not Hanes's biggest problem. This past spring when Ashley Trimble Cole, 83, the chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, came out for concurrent racing in New York City and Saratoga in August, Hanes made an opposing statement. A political furor arose, with upstate legislators finally getting plans for concurrent racing in 1959 shelved. "We," John Hanes says, "have no controversies with the State Racing Commission. I have great respect for Mr. Cole. But bear in mind that we live in a public democracy. To us the horsemen come



HORSES OUT FROM UNDER COOLING SHADE OF ANCIENT ELMS, HAS WON NO PLAYBOYS FROM TRADITION-LOVING FANS OR HORSEMEN

first, the public comes second and New York State comes third. Mr. Cole's order is the other way around."

Two of Saratoga's strongest supporters, and Jockey Club members as well, expressed strong opinions about concurrent racing. Howell E. Jackson said, "If they ever kill racing in Saratoga, I'll never race in New York again." Standing by his barn the other morning, E. Barry Ryan expressed the same opinion. "To me," he said, "Saratoga is Ascot and Goodwood rolled into one. There is something to coming to Saratoga. It's not good to keep racing in one area or at one track for too long. It's good for man and good for horse to get to Saratoga. They have races like the Travers and the Alabama that to me mean more than most of the \$100,000 races being run in this country today. If there is concurrent racing in New York State one track has to suffer. Either Aqueduct [the new \$33 million track in New York City] or Saratoga will have to run a peasant meeting with cheap horses. Well, it won't

be Saratoga. Those people who really and truly are interested in racing will come here."

This week those people who really and truly care for horse racing will have the opportunity to watch the \$50,000 Saratoga Handicap, and next week they can see the nation's oldest stakes race, the mile-and-one-quarter Travers, Sword Dancer, Bagdad and Middle Brother will probably have a go at it. In the meantime nearly everyone is watching the 2-year-olds, since Saratoga is traditionally the developing ground of many of the finest 2-year-olds, and watching just a bit more closely than they normally would, since nearly everyone admits that this has been one of the duller racing seasons in many years. The handicap division is decimated and the 3-year-old division has only one bright light, Sword Dancer. Bug Brush and Silver Spoon, the C. V. Whitney fillies, have not seemed able to match their California form in the East.

The Wheatley Stables' 2-year-old

filly, Irish Jay, came off the pace to win one division of the Schuylerville the other afternoon, and Cain Hoy Stable's Make Sall made easy work of the second. Perhaps the best 2-year-old we've seen is Weatherwise, a Tom Fool colt from a Hyperion mare named Sunset III. Weatherwise, flying the Greentree silks, behaved somewhat like his father when he came out for the first time. He won by 10 lengths. On Tuesday there was a 2-year-old filly race that stirred memories. The public bet heavily on a Native Dancer offspring named Faraway Blues. A thing called Recommendation beat her. Recommendation's father was Dark Star.

You know how it is. It's hard to ask time to wait for just one more second. It's hard not to acquiesce to expediency. It's tough to be a race track without escalators, or a band, or a \$100,000 race. It seems wrong to be an artistic triumph and a financial mediocrity. But even so, as long as there is still a Saratoga quite a few people hang on. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Pity the poor prognosticator

**I**N recent weeks I find myself increasingly in sympathy with the weather man.

In connection with the series of championship bridge matches which will be televised over the ABC network beginning Sunday, October 18, part of my role is to predict what I think is going to happen on each deal. It seems to me that the deals on which I issue storm warnings often turn out rather calmly, while those I forecast as rather routine turn out to be as stormy as this combination which produced a violent swing in a team-of-four match. This, of course, was not a television hand (the TV matches are strictly pair-against-pair at rubber bridge); but it aptly illustrates the perilous role of the would-be prognosticator.

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer



If you looked over this layout and were asked to predict the result, you might make the conservative forecast that either side could make some part score. How wrong you'd be. At the first table where the hand was played, the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	1 N.T.	PASS	2 ♠
DOUBLE	3 ♠	PASS	3 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

North opened his best suit, but unfortunately for him it turned out to be the best lead for declarer. His lead of the 4 of clubs brought out South's queen and West's ace. West cashed the ace of diamonds, went to dummy with the diamond jack and led back the 8 of clubs. South covered with the 10 and West's jack forced North's king. North shifted to a low heart, won by South's ace. But on South's low heart return, West played the six and the nut blocked. The contract could not be defeated after the club opening.

As predictors, you and I are already discredited, but there's worse to follow when the hand is played at the other table. There the bidding goes:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	DOUBLE	3 DOUBLE	2 ♠
2 ♣	3 N.T.	DOUBLE	3 ♠
PASS	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Here the teammates of the players who had bid and made game with the East-West cards at the other table were now playing for game with the North-South hands. What's more, as the result of a beautiful play by South, they made it!

West won the first trick with the ace of diamonds. South ruffed the diamond continuation, and led trumps, West winning the second round. South trumped the third diamond and, before daring to draw West's last trump, took a heart finesse to dummy's 10. When this succeeded he drew the rest of the trumps, incidentally exhausting his own, and ran the rest of the heart suit. Now dummy, the declarer, and—fortunately for the success of the contract—West were left with nothing but clubs.

This was where South made the winning play. Figuring West for the jack of clubs as well as the ace, South led the queen of clubs from his hand. If West ducked, declarer would simply lead toward dummy's king. It did no good for West to win the first club lead, however. He now had to lead away from his jack, and declarer captured the last two tricks with his club 10 and dummy's club king.

That "part score" hand of ours turned out to produce game both ways of the table and a swing of 1,220 points!

### EXTRA TRICK

Notice the advantage of opening the bidding with a light hand that includes distributional strength and both majors. Much of the swing on this deal can be traced back to South's pass at the first table. **END**





WIFFI SMITH, St. Clair, Mich.

## Tip from the Top

### Balance and the four-wood

ON the women's professional circuit, with tournaments scattered throughout the country, a player spends a good portion of her time driving on the road. Those hours behind the wheel can make you tense, and when you arrive at the site of the next tournament, it takes some loosening up. On the practice tee what I do first is to get two or three clubs and swing them together easily, as a hatter does in hatterball. Then I get my four-wood. There's more feeling in the four-wood for me than in any other club. I like the feel of the clubhead—it has the weight on the bottom. Along with this, I think it has the best over-all balance of any club. I find it the easiest to swing and the easiest to hit with. I can sting the ball with the four-wood.

When I'm shaking the kinks out swinging the four-wood, I have a very definite idea of the swing I want and the feel of the swing I want: I want to get everything moving smoothly. Accordingly, balance is what I work for. At the forefront of my concentration is the importance of finishing every shot on balance, not to fall back, for if you have the right balance everything comes through faster. In this connection, I find a tip given to me early in my career by my old club pro, Tom Garcia, to be very valuable, and I pass it on to you with the hope that you will really try it. When you are hitting out practice balls, hold your finish after each shot until the ball hits the ground. Simply having this thought in mind seems to encourage a swing that is integrated and balanced from start to finish.



NEXT TIP: Billy Maxwell on soft drive on the pitch shot

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# The staff of life

**Bread, the subject of many legends, combines deliciously with a variety of other foods**

WHEN we dropped a piece of bread on the floor," writes Harry Golden in *Only in America*, "our mothers taught us that we must pick it up, that bread was the sacred symbol of life." The bestselling author goes on to say that "Carl Sandburg in the book of his early years, *Always the Young Strangers*, writes that his mother 'held bread to be sacred. If one of us dropped bread or meat we were taught to pick it up, clean it as best we could, and eat it.' Thus the Swedes, far to the north, had the same traditions as the Jews, far to the east. . . . James Joyce refers to the same idea among the Catholic Irish, and I am sure we would find the principle in all the cultures of the world."

Bread has been a symbol of life since the dawn of civilization. In the primitive fields from which they reaped their grain the ancients found a food that did not need to be hunted, a food that could be stored for all the meals of winter, that could be ground, then mixed with water and baked to become a nourishing and delicious staple in every climate and every season. Bread was made by the Swiss lake dwellers of the Stone Age, and records show that in the third millennium B.C. the Sumerian priestess Bau had 21 bakers on her temple staff.

Athenaeus, who, more than 1,700 years ago, wrote a book called *Dinner Table Philosophers*, mentioned 62 kinds of bread known to the ancient Greeks, including loaves made of the flour of wheat, rye, millet, rice, dried lotus roots and boiled corn (a genus of *gladiolus*). Indians on the Pacific Coast soaked the bitterness out of ground acorns and used them to make bread, while other tribes discovered how to turn maize into flour. In Corsica, when the Pisans and the Genoese imposed an exorbitant tax on grain, the embattled islanders stopped planting wheat and made flour by drying and grinding chestnuts. Chestnut bread is made today and will keep its freshness for two weeks.

In medieval Europe white bread was so revered that for years it was used only in church services. Once, when a surplus occurred, the clergy made the mistake of selling it to the nobility, and from that moment men of high birth demanded fresh white bread daily. Legend has it that when a loaf was one day old it was fit for the nobility, when two days old for the gentry, at three days it was good enough for scholars and friars, and when it was four days old—granting that any of the loaf remained—the common citizen might taste it.

White bread has come to stand throughout the world for quality and success. Though nutritionists in the U.S. for years have urged the eating of whole wheat because

of its superior vitamin content, not more than a fraction of 1% of today's bread output is 100% whole wheat. Happily, however, most of the white bread sold is "enriched," after a formula developed during World War II that adds iron and three B vitamins (thiamine, riboflavin and niacin) to bleached flour.

Good bread—its crust crisply golden, its interior sparkling with the zestful taste of grain—has a natural affinity for cheese, for meat, for wine. Indeed, bread offers the foundation flavor on which to build an almost infinite number of combinations with other foods. For any host or hostess with a dash of courage, a combination not to be overlooked is bread with garlic butter (see recipe below). This shouldn't be served in unfair competition with dishes of very subtle flavor; it goes best with a robust Italian dinner or other hearty fare. Garlic bread is wonderful with drinks, and it makes a fine companion for a green salad.

To have garlic bread at its best you need a crusty loaf such as the one shown on the opposite page. When a loaf of this kind becomes stale, the French have a way of turning it into a delicate dessert. They call it *pain perdu*, but almost anyone who tries it will agree that it might better be called rediscovered bread. For one friend of mine, who is a fine cook, the recipe at bottom makes a favorite midnight snack.

## **GARLIC BREAD** (for 12)

- 3 or 4 cloves of garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped wild marjoram leaves (or 1 teaspoon dried marjoram)
- 6 tablespoons butter
- black pepper, freshly ground
- 12 one-inch slices of French, Italian or Vienna bread

Mix the minced garlic and marjoram with butter and add a sprinkling of black pepper. Spread evenly on bread slices and place under broiler just long enough for butter to melt and permeate the bread. Serve sizzling hot.

## **"LOST BREAD"** (for 12)

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 3 eggs                                     | dash of freshly grated nutmeg         |
| 1 cup rich milk (or half milk, half cream) | dash of white pepper                  |
| 1 teaspoon sugar                           | 1 tablespoon brandy (or orange juice) |
| ½ teaspoon salt                            |                                       |
| 6 thin slices of stale French bread        |                                       |

Beat the eggs slightly and add next six ingredients. Dip slices of bread, one at a time, into mixture; soak well, but don't let them get sodden. Brown on both sides in butter, and serve hot with a sprinkling of confectioner's sugar.

*Photograph by Jerry Cooke*



## A cool cat named McCovey

**The Giants' newest Willie is more than just a thunderous hitter. He's cool, man. If the fried chicken and shoot-'em-ups hold out, big league pitching doesn't figure to bother him a bit**

BY THE afternoon of July 29 the Giants were desperate. Smack in the middle of a sizzling pennant race, they had suddenly lost four straight games, including, that very day, a three-hitter by Johnny Antonelli. The pitching had been superb, the defense for once adequate. The Giants just weren't hitting.

So that night the call went down to Phoenix for help—and the next day help appeared, a gangling apparition named Willie (Stretch) McCovey. Six feet four inches tall, weighing 200 pounds and looking a bit like a

sleepy Watusi warrior, the Pacific Coast League's leading hitter (.377 average, 28 home runs, 91 runs batted in) found himself at Seals Stadium in San Francisco with only half his clothes, none of his Louisville Slugger bats and a job which just the day before had belonged to the National League's All-Star first baseman, Orlando Cepeda.

Apparently none of this bothered him a bit. Stuffed into uniform No. 44 and inserted into the third spot in the batting order, the left-handed McCovey singled his first time up

against Robin Roberts of the Phils. Next he hit a 410-foot triple off the scoreboard. Then he singled again, the ball hitting the right field wall so hard he had to stop at first. And finally he tripled again, this time over the left fielder's head. McCovey scored three runs, drove in two, and the Giants won 7-2, moving back into first place.

Next day Willie hit again and kept on hitting. Only once in his first nine games was he stopped. He hit home runs and doubles and triples and singles, driving in runs, scoring, winning ball games. All of this was exciting enough, in itself. But much more important to the pennant race, the Giants won eight of those nine games. The newest and biggest of the Giants' Willies had given the whole team a lift.

Writers and photographers, television cameramen and radio announcers swarmed over McCovey like flies on sugar. At the end of his first week he became the subject of a three-part life story in one of the San Francisco papers, which at least ties a record. Feature writers examined every flaw, from the chip on his front tooth to the corns on his toes, hoping to come up with a new angle. But about all that anyone really found out was that he could hit, his feet were too big for him to be a really skilled first baseman, and that he never said a word if he could help it.

"How," a reporter asked him, "do you explain yourself?"

"Huh?" McCovey said.

He was born in Mobile, Alabama, on January 10, 1938, seventh of 10 children of church-going Baptist parents. He had his own tattered glove when he was 12. He went to Central High in Mobile for three years and played end in football, starred in basketball. By 16, Willie was at his full height and tried to join the Navy, but his mother stopped him. He worked in a produce market and a bakery. Then a playground director

**BIG STRETCH** lives quietly, says almost nothing and remains the least excited person in San Francisco over batting feats which have given Giants tremendous August lift.



named Jesse Thomas recommended Willie to the Giants, and in March of 1955 he went to the club's minor league training base at Melbourne, Florida.

Scout Alex Pompey, who has had a hand in signing almost every Negro player with the Giants, liked what he saw. The kid's fielding needed polishing, but he had a major league swing, which he demonstrated by hitting baseballs into a clump of trees 400 feet away. Today McCovey stands close to the plate, leans over slightly, holds his bat straight up and down and drives smoothly into the pitch like Sam Snead hitting one off the first tee. He reminds Willie Mays of the early Larry Doby. "He's a wrist hitter," Mays says. "He don't stride that much. If you don't stride, you gotta be a wrist hitter."

Melbourne marked the first time McCovey—or Stretch, as he was soon dubbed—had been away from home, and he was popeyed. "When he first came into camp, he didn't seem to care about the game he was in," says Salty Parker, the Giant third base coach, who managed McCovey in B and Double-A ball. "There were four diamonds at Melbourne, and he's playing on one and watching the games on the other three. So there's a meeting one night, and all we talk about is Stretch. What are we going to do to get him interested? So finally one fellow said, 'Let's not worry about Stretch. All this is new to him. He'll come around eventually.' So we let him alone, and he did."

McCovey went to Sandersville in the Class-D Georgia State League, where he hit .306 and from there, in 1956, to Danville in the Carolina League (.310). Jumped to the Double-A Texas League in 1957, McCovey hit .381 but injured a knee sliding home. Last year, at Phoenix, he hit .319, drove in 89 runs and had 14 homers. An off-season operation on the knee left him overweight and out of shape this spring at the Giant camp in Phoenix and, since the San Francisco club was already well-populated with good first basemen like Cepeda and Bill White, he was sent down again. But when the Giants hit their slump, it was impossible to ignore him.

"Every night he was hot," says Jose Pagan, who was called up from Phoenix along with McCovey. "Every night he go two for four, three for four. He hit them over the light



LEVEL SWING, short stride, fine wrist action contribute to Willie's success.

towers. You couldn't get him out."

So far, major league pitching has been a source of great pleasure to Big Willie, even the pitching of men like Roberts and Lew Burdette and Harvey Haddix and Bob Buhl.

"I just swing," he says, his head bowed as he stares at the floor.

How does pitching up here compare with that in the Coast League?

"Up here, I have to say they're around the plate a little more."

"He hit everything I threw," said Roberts.

"You ask me what I threw to him," said Buhl. "Whatever the hell it was, it was the wrong thing."

"He hits curves, sliders and fast balls," said Burdette.

"When I'm hittin' it just don't too much matter," said Willie.

Off the field McCovey is no tiger at all.

"The most strenuous thing he does off the baseball field," says Salty Parker, "is breathe."

In San Francisco, McCovey lives at the Booker T. Washington Hotel in the Fillmore district.

"I'm trying to find him an apartment near my place," says Willie Kirkland, "so he can use my car. I've got two sets of keys. But I haven't been able to find him one yet."

McCovey's special buddies on the Giants are Kirkland and Leon Wag-

ner, both former teammates in the minors. Apparently the three are destined to be joined together—as long as batting averages and the option rule permit—by their shared love for two of a ballplayer's most vital necessities: food and the movies.

Last week the three of them saw *Last Train from Gox Hill* and *No Name on the Ball*, not to mention an assorted half dozen shoot-'em-ups on TV. For McCovey, who frequently ran out of westerns along about Wednesday each week in Phoenix, San Francisco, with its dozen downtown movie houses, is a paradise.

"Sometimes," Wagner says, "we play westerns. You know, drawing on one another. McCovey comes up behind and he shouts 'Ringo.' I turn around and he says, 'Put up your hands.' I put up my hands and he shoots me. He don't give me a chance, man."

"He cool," Wagner says. "He cool! Coolest first baseman in baseball."

"He's quiet," Kirkland says, "but the three of us have a lot of fun."

"He's quiet," Wagner agrees, "but he's a real joker around me and Kirkland. I think he's just happy to be up here with us. We call us 'The Big Three.'"

"He eats a lot, man. He got a heck of an appetite. He likes that southern cookin'. Every year he gets a lady like a mother in each town who cooks special for him. A lady about 50 or 60. They adopt him like a son, he's so quiet. He eats that good southern cookin', not restaurant food. He likes that fried chicken, spinach, corn, turnip greens, candied yams."

"Stretch eats everything. Everytime we go to freeloader he wounds the people. He wounds them, man."

"We all does," says Kirkland.

"I don't know where the food goes," says Wagner. "Must go to his feet. He's been eating the same pace for years and he don't have no fat on him."

But if McCovey isn't fat, the Giants are, or at any rate they are getting fat on his bat. "He's been the difference," says Parker. "Whenever he hits, we've been in."

Jeff Chandler, the Hollywood actor who is so far gone on the Giants that he works out with them in practice, adds, shrewdly, "If he just hits like this the first time around the league, that could mean the pennant for the team. By the time the league gets a second look at this guy, the season's going to be over." **END**

## THE BIG FOUR

continued from page 13

that. I do not know this Kahn but I do not like that.

"I hear they say that maybe they won't fight in New York because they have better offers from other cities. I know why they want to fight in another city—because of Davidow. [Harry Davidow, the Brooklyn luncheonette owner Cus D'Amato tried to force on Johansson as his 10<sup>th</sup> American manager. The New York State Athletic Commission threw out the arrangement, but D'Amato is understood to have received assurances from another state boxing commission that it would recognize the Davidow contract provided D'Amato took the fight away from New York.]

"I tell you another thing. I will not fight again unless this Davidow thing is pushed aside finally. I know the New York commission is on my side. They are for me.

"I hear D'Amato say that it is not up to Ingemar. D'Amato is being childish. I liked him and the way he talked the first few times we met. He say everything is for the boy. Everything is not for the boy. Maybe it is not for the money but it is for prestige. He told me that being manager of the heavyweight champion is the most important thing."

Ingemar smiled his knowledgeable smile.

"I do not know what is going on

but I do not like the way they think they can push me around. If they think they can push me around, I warn them, like I told you the other time we talked: they are going to be in for trouble. I am not a big man but I am the champion.

"They cannot push Bill Rosensohn around any more, either. What he did before, I know it was because they pushed him. I want to give Floyd another chance and I want to fight him because it means a lot of money, but I don't fight for Kahn and D'Amato. They cannot make me."

Eddie Ahlquist, the shrewd promoter who guided Ingemar's career from his amateur days, also talked in the cocktail lounge of Goteborg's Park Avenue Hotel, where he sipped on a glass of straight quinine water.

"We are hoch satisfied with the investigation," he said, referring to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's inquiry and speaking also for Ingemar. "We feel it should be looked into. In fact, everyone who likes boxing should be satisfied. Boxing shouldn't be taking all those raps all the time. He wants the return and he will fight the return but he doesn't want any monkey business behind the back or under the table. He doesn't want to be a new Carnera. He will get his part. One thing is certain. Floyd shall have his return.

"You know, I like D'Amato. I think he is being influenced by other people. I think it is that Schweig

[Edwin Schweig, D'Amato's lawyer]. You know, the first time that I met Schweig in his office, he boasted to me about how much money D'Amato owed him.

"D'Amato's trouble is he doesn't trust anybody. Why should I trust a man who doesn't trust anybody? But I like him, you know, except the way he talks about the IBC. The first time I met him he took us to some hideaway in Long Island with dogs, and for six hours he told us about the IBC.

"Now, Bill, Bill is weak, but he is honest. He should have told us what was going on [before the fight] but perhaps he was right. We might have gone home.

"What sort of a man is Velella [Vincent J. Velella, who ousted Rosensohn as president of Rosensohn Enterprises]? I don't know him but I know him. These people push us around, the darn fools. They played for high stakes and when you play for high stakes you have to be ready to lose, the darn fools. They are greedy people. There is plenty of money for everybody but they're greedy, Kahn and Velella.

"Kahn, he calls me every night. One night I say, 'Kahn, do you have a pencil?' He say, 'Yes.' 'Kahn,' I say, 'do you have a piece of paper?' He say, 'Yes.' 'Well,' I say, 'write down this: Ingemar Johansson is the heavyweight champion of the world.'"

And Eddie laughed and drank some more quinine water.

END

## MILLIONS AT STAKE

continued from page 14

admitted coffee cup acquaintance with Norris during the past 26 years. Carbo was released last week in \$100,000 bail on charges that he was an undercover manager of a number of fighters, including champions. Carbo is a graduate of Murder, Inc.

It is this hoodlum influence in boxing which is the heart of the matter. Sonny Liston, a leading candidate for Johansson's title, is controlled by mobsters through fronts. He was first owned by John J. Vitale of the St. Louis Mafia. He is not an unusual case among prizefighters of the day.

Carbo may go to jail and there is, in fact, a well-founded report that he was turned in to the district attorney's office by Mafia leaders who have decided that Frankie is now too hot to be useful. Standing in the wings, this report continues, is Tony Bana-



TRIGGER MIKE COPPOLA, one of the more prominent hoodlums, was sought by D.A.

nas, the New Jersey lily, who controls a number of rackets, including some fighters. He is an ambitious fellow and would like to supplant Carbo.

District Attorney Hogan's investigation is most welcome. The disclosure that Rosensohn got financial

backing from a mobster puts the novice promoter in a less pleasant light than has previously shone on him but it must be noted that he himself made the disclosure, thus opening the door for Hogan's clean-up drive, and that he has assured us that he will make no future compromises of such a nature, deal though he may with the remnant of the IBC.

It is refreshing in such a situation to look on the clean, fresh face of Ingemar Johansson or the more sober but just as clean-cut features of Floyd Patterson. Like most fighters, they are decent men. They, the fighters, give the sport what virtue it has. They and the public are the sufferers in this situation. They want to fight and the public wants very much to see them fight.

It would be good to know that when next they meet it will be under auspices worthy of two such sportsmen.

END



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# WHO IN THE WORLD BUT LARRY?

by GERALD HOLLAND

THERE IS NOBODY like MacPhail. There is nobody who is even remotely like Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail.

Who but MacPhail could rampage through major league baseball like the snout of a tornado, take two ball clubs that were in heck to the bankers and put them on their financial feet, build pennant-winning ball clubs in both leagues and win a world championship in one? Argue reluctant club owners into adopting night baseball and then battle just as hard to keep them from overdoing it? Turn on the lights of a ball park at 3 o'clock in the morning for a game of rounders with sportswriters? Force lighting engineers to accept his theories about how to illuminate a ball park? Punch a newspaperman and then persuade him to join his staff as director of public relations? Select the elevator of a Cincinnati hotel as the place to slug it out with a police sergeant? Turn his back on it all after the New York Yankees had won the World Series in 1947 and pocket a check for \$2 million, parlayed in three years from a personal commitment of \$500,000?

Who but MacPhail could take a rundown farm and a crumbling house and build them into a 1,000-acre estate that is now one of the show places of Maryland? Who, in his middle 30s, could sink a fortune in the riskiest of businesses, the breeding of prize cattle and Thoroughbred horses,

and make the venture pay from the start? Who, a Johnny come lately among breeders, could go to Saratoga and set one of the alltime highs with yearling sales totaling \$666,700?

Who, in his new role of horseman, could become president of the Bowie race track, rebuild it from top to bottom and then be barred from even entering the premises? Who could thereupon take the track officials to court, sue them for breach of contract and win and collect a judgment of \$99,971.10?

Who could be hauled off to jail for cop-fighting and turn up in the headlines again, not long afterward, as co-chairman of a drive to save the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra? Who could startle his staid Maryland neighbors by suing his new home county of Harford, force it to repave a road leading into his property and then name the road after him? Who could sit in the quiet of his own living room far out in the country, get in an argument with a telephone operator and, before the evening was over, find himself being arrested on a charge of assaulting the manager of the telephone office? Who, in that same living room, could spend an entire evening manipulating the stops on his electric organ to match the tone of his 8-year-old daughter's toy flute?

Who, in one lifetime, could be a church organist, a courtroom lawyer, a department store executive, an au-

tomobile dealer, a hanker, a building contractor, a big-time football referee, an Army officer with a brilliant record in two world wars, a baseball impresario, a racing-stable proprietor, a knowledgeable musician and a first-rate amateur chef? Who could be called, at various times during his cataclysmic career, a bushier, a bully, a brawler, a flop, a MacPhailure—and also an incomparable administrator, a superlative showman, a sure judge of talent in humans and horseflesh, a savior of the national game and the purest genius ever to streak across the sporting scene?

Nobody. Nobody but MacPhail.

DERI WKEN and Dan Topping," deried Larry MacPhail, raising a clenched fist, "didn't buy me out!" The fist crashed on the table top and the coffee cups jumped.

"Larry," murmured Mrs. MacPhail, unperturbed, "that's a glass table top."

"Mother," said 8-year-old Jeanie MacPhail quietly, "may I have some more fruit?" Her mother shook her head.

"Well," I said, "perhaps I phrased the question badly. But if Webb and Topping didn't buy out your interest in the New York Yankees, who did?"

"Nobody bought me out!" roared

*continued*

*Photograph by Richard Meek*

LARRY MACPHAIL PROVIDES ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR DAUGHTER JEANIE'S SOLO





MacPhail. "The Yankee corporation retired my stock, and that happened in August, three months before I made a fool of myself by rushing down to the clubhouse after we had won the World Series and announcing my resignation as president of the ball club." He turned to his wife and said out of the corner of his mouth, "A little more fruit wouldn't hurt her, would it?"

"She's had enough for now, Larry," said Mrs. MacPhail. "She can have some more later on."

"Then may I be excused?" asked Jeanie.

"You may," said Jean MacPhail. Jeanie got up and smiled at her father and he grinned back at her. She went over to an end table and picked up a toy flute.

MacPhail's eyes followed her. "What will you take for that two-bit flute?" he said. Jeanie turned and said, "This is not a two-bit flute. It costs \$1.29. That may not be much money to you, but it certainly is to me." She walked slowly away, blowing on the flute, struggling bravely to play *Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me*. She had a long way to go, and it happened to be a deadly serious business because she had to learn the piece in time to play in a whole chorus of toy

flutes at the local public school a few days hence. Jeanie is the dark-haired, dark-eyed image of her mother and the only child of the 69-year-old MacPhail's second marriage (to the former Jean Wanamaker, his secretary when he was president of the Brooklyn Dodgers). The youngest of MacPhail's three children by his first marriage (which ended in divorce 14 years ago) is 32 years older than Jeanie. MacPhail's son, Bill, is director of sports for CBS; Lee is general manager of the Baltimore Orioles; his daughter, Marian, is chief of research for LRR.

We had dined on the glass-enclosed terrace of the main house at MacPhail's Glenangus Farm near the town of Bel Air, Md. MacPhail had helped to carry in the dinner dishes, and now he began to help carry them out. It was the maid's night off. I stood up and picked up a plate, but Mrs. MacPhail said, "Why don't you both go in the living room and talk? I'll do the dishes." MacPhail shook his head. "No, I'll give you a hand," he said.

As the MacPhails worked in the kitchen I stood looking out from the terrace, down at the pond, stocked with bass and bluegills, and out over the green fields, each with its own spring, each set off by the hedges of multiflora roses which MacPhail

planted to serve the double purpose of fencing and cover for game and wildlife. Visible through the trees were herds of Aberdeen Angus cattle (including one bull for which MacPhail paid \$35,000) and the cottages that are the homes of some of the 30 fulltime employees of the estate.

Suddenly I staggered a little as an elbow jabbed me in the ribs. I turned and there was MacPhail, wiping a saucer with a towel. "It was a damn fool thing to do," he said, "running down to the clubhouse and announcing my resignation that way. That was a happy occasion and it belonged to the players. I should have kept my big mouth shut." I spread my feet a little, bracing myself, for I had learned that MacPhail punctuates his stories with assorted elbow jabs, chest pokes, shoulder nudges and pushes with the flat of his hand, all with the friendliest of intentions. But this time he just said, "I'll be back in a few minutes and tell you the facts about how I retired from baseball." He turned, and I watched him walk back to the kitchen. He didn't look 69; his hair was thinning but it was still red. He didn't need glasses to read the racing charts. He was a little beefy, but solid as a bullpen catcher. He smiled easily and often, but his eyes narrowed to slits and his lower lip protruded in the process, giving the effect of what someone once called "MacPhail's built-in leer."

I WENT ON into the living room in the white-frame wing that MacPhail built onto the stone structure of the original farmhouse. The big room has a breathtaking picture window, a magnificent stereophonic sound system and a theater-size organ which MacPhail plays almost every day. I looked out the picture window in the fading twilight, down at the training track for the horses stabled at the farm, at the swimming pool and out over the gently rolling hills to the 150-acre tract on which MacPhail has just started his latest adventure in sports, the construction of an 18-hole golf course. He plans to lease it for operation as a private country club. He has other plans for setting aside some acreage for subdivision into two-acre miniature estates. It is his intention to keep intact the 300 acres surrounding the main house.

MacPhail became interested in Maryland through his longtime friend, Alfred Vanderbilt. He purchased the first 400 of his present 1,000 acres in



AT GLENANGUS FARM MacPhail sits with second wife, the former Jean Bennett Wanamaker, and daughter Jeanie before great picture window in living room.



MR. MACPHAIL'S CHILDREN by his first marriage have all made their mark in different ways. Daughter Marian (left) is chief of research for LIFE, son Lee general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, son Bill director of sports for CBS.

1941 when he was president of the Dodgers. The war interrupted his plans for developing the property, but in 1945 he imported 39 cows and a bull from Scotland and purchased three brood mares from Vanderbilt and began operations in earnest.

I reached down and took a cigarette out of a silver box on a coffee table between two long, curving sofas. I lit the cigarette and glanced around for an ashtray, and then I recalled that there was supposed to be a very special ashtray in this house. I didn't see it anywhere and so I walked over to the door leading into the library. I looked in and there it was sitting on a table behind MacPhail's desk: a heavy brass tray with a dog's head hunk into it. I remembered the story behind it: after the Armistice, at the end of World War I, some American soldiers, hearing that Germany's Kaiser had fled to Holland, decided to raid his castle hideout there, kidnap the old man and turn him over to Allied authorities with the recommendation that he be strung up. The jolly kidnapping party, made resolute by great quantities of French wine, was headed by Colonel Luke Lea of Nashville. In the forefront of the eight conspirators was MacPhail, who succeeded in penetrating to within earshot of Kaiser Bill before the alarm went up and the Dutch army guards came running to the scene. MacPhail had to flee with the others, but he alone had presence of mind to swipe a memento of the occasion—the ashtray that now rested on his library table.

I walked back into the living room

and sat down on the sofa before the picture window. In a moment MacPhail came in from the kitchen and sat down on the sofa across from me. "Now then," he said, "about the Yankees. Let's go back a little way. When I was still in the Army in 1944, Mr. John Hertz of California called me and said he would lend me \$3 million to buy the ball club. We went along and organized a syndicate that included Mr. Hertz, Mr. Robert Lehman and Mr. Floyd Odlum and others and were all set to take over the club when the Surrogate refused to approve the purchase on behalf of the heirs of Colonel Jake Ruppert without a public hearing. That seemed to finish it, but later on I was called back by the executors of the Ruppert estate and told that the club could be purchased if the syndicate would increase the price offered by \$500,000, bringing it to \$2,800,000. I said I was sure that could be arranged and, after Lehman Brothers, the Wall Street investment house, had vouched for my financial responsibility, the deal was set. But then I found that Mr. Hertz, whom I was unable to contact directly, apparently had lost interest. This left me in the position of having, for all practical purposes, purchased the New York Yankees personally. Of course, I was confident that I could either revive the old syndicate or form a new one. The first person I contacted was Alfred Vanderbilt. But he was afraid his racing connections might bring some objections from Judge Landis, baseball commissioner.

"Now, just at that time, I happened to run into Dan Topping at

'21,' the restaurant in New York. Dan had told me if I ever had the opportunity to buy a major league ball club he'd like to come in with me. So, going up in the elevator, I said, 'Dan, I've just bought the New York Yankees. Would you like to come in on the deal?'

"Dan said he certainly would, and he suggested that he and I buy the club together. I said I wasn't prepared to go in that deep. We had to raise approximately \$3 million. I said I knew I could get a mortgage of a million and a half on the Stadium, and that would leave \$1,500,000 to be raised. I said I didn't want to commit myself for more than a third of that. So Topping said he thought he could get his friend, Del Webb, the Arizona contractor, to come in for a third. As it turned out, Webb was agreeable and, instead of getting a mortgage on the Stadium, I got a straight loan of \$1,500,000 for 12 years. Incidentally, I paid that off in 17 months."

Mrs. MacPhail came into the room and asked if she could bring us something to drink. I said I'd have a Coke and MacPhail said he'd have a No-Cal ginger ale. It was not his usual or his favorite drink, but he rarely takes anything stronger after dinner.

When Mrs. MacPhail had served our drinks, MacPhail held up his glass and looked at it. "When I was a kid in Michigan," he said, "I used to play ball with a town team on Sunday. Of course, I'd go to church first. Played the church organ, as a matter of fact. I remember one Sunday, after church, I was sneaking out

continued

the front door in my baseball uniform and my father called out to me from the parlor. 'Son,' he said, 'if you must play ball on a Sunday, I'd advise you to go out the back way so the neighbors won't see you.' I turned around and started for the kitchen, but then my mother called out to me. 'Son,' she said, 'if you must play baseball on Sunday, at least have the courage of your convictions. Go out the front way and make no apologies to anybody.' There was nothing hypocritical about my mother. Or my father, either. He just had a banker's caution."

He took a sip from his glass and set it down carefully on the table. "Now, I am a hypocrite about some things," he said. "For instance, I think hard liquor is a curse. I should contribute generously to the nearest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." He picked up the glass again and looked at it. "But," he said, "I do not contribute at all."

He grinned and returned to the subject of the New York Yankees.

"Jumping ahead now to 1947. By that time the Yankees had increased enormously in value. We had drawn approximately 2,300,000—a new record in baseball. The old Yankees—even with Ruth and Gehrig—had bettered a million in only one year. We had done a lot to improve the Stadium. We had almost completely rebuilt it, we had reseated the seats to provide more boxes, we had put in the Stadium Club, new clubhouses, a new press room, new rest rooms and, I think, the first decent dressing room the umpires had ever had.

"In the middle of the season in 1947 a New York investment house came to us with an offer of \$3 million for a 49½ interest in the club. Now, at the time of our purchase of the club Topping, Webb and I had agreed that we would try to get back our original investments if we could do so and still retain a controlling interest. I recommended accepting this offer in 1947 and Topping agreed with me. But Webb did not. So I began to think about my personal situation. With the club now valued at \$10 million for tax purposes, I could foresee what would



CAPTAIN MacPHAIL in World War I was with 114th Field Artillery in France.

happen if I was hit by a truck someday. My wife and children wouldn't be able to pay the inheritance tax without selling out my shares of Yankee stock. This gave me a lot of concern, and I finally went to Webb and Topping and suggested that the corporation retire my stock. *Retire* my stock. They agreed on a price of \$2 million to be paid to me—not by Webb and Topping personally, but out of the corporation treasury. That left them in sole control of the club on their original personal investment of \$500,000 each, which is all either of them has put into the Yankees personally—*personally*—to this day."

MacPhail took a gulp of No-Cal,

held it in his mouth a moment and then swallowed hard.

"That left me," he continued, "with my contract as president of the Yankees which had two years to run. But now that my stock had been retired, I began to give serious thought to my own retirement as an active baseball executive. I knew that Dan Topping would like to be president of the club, and that was natural—anyone would like to be president of a major league ball club. As for myself, well, I had been in baseball for about 25 years and I was getting pretty tired."

MacPhail swirled the ice around in his glass.

"I don't know," he said after a moment. "I don't know if I'd be here today if I hadn't quit in '47. I've had cancer twice in the last five years, and I doubt very much if I would have had the constitution, the physical and mental condition or whatever else it takes to *brk* it."

He put down his glass and stood up and then came around the table and grasped my shoulder, shaking me until the ice rattled in the Coke glass.

"So in 1947 we won the pennant, and the Series with Brooklyn went to seven games. I'll never forget that seventh game as long as I live. Brooklyn still had some pitching left and we didn't have a thing."

He pushed me back against the sofa and my feet shot up, hitting the cuffee table. Gesturing with a pitching motion, MacPhail, his excitement growing, exclaimed: "I had no idea who Bucky Harris would pitch in the final game. It was a very dramatic situation. We didn't have anything left. So Harris settled on Frank Shea. Shea had had only one day's rest. Well, they knocked Shea out in the second and Bevens went in. He was pitching very well, but when we got a couple of men on in the fourth, who's up to bat but Bevens himself! Now the situation calls for a pinch hitter, but if somebody hits for Bevens, who have we got to pitch? Well, Harris makes the decision and sends up Bobby Brown. Bobby hits a double down the left field foul line, then somebody drives Brown home and we're out in front."

MacPhail sank to the



KASHERN ASHTRAY, captured in lieu of the Kaiser himself, is MacPhail's most treasured souvenir of World War I.

sofa and jabbed at me with an elbow, then put out both hands before him. "Get the picture now," he cried. "We're out front, but how are we going to hold the lead with no pitching left?"

He jumped up and put up an arm, peeking over it like a man in hiding. He lowered his voice:

"I was crouched down in the ramp leading to the dugout so the umpires wouldn't see me. Frank Crosetti, the coach, was at one end of the dugout, talking to the bullpen on the telephone. Harris was clear down at the other end of the hench. Crosetti was getting a report from Johnny Schulte, one of our other coaches, on the two pitchers who were warming up in the bullpen. Crosetti listened and then he yelled down to Harris. 'Schulte says Page hasn't got a thing and the Indian is knocking the glove off his hand!'"

"Page," explained MacPhail, putting the back of his hand to his mouth for an aside, "was, of course, Joe Page, our great relief pitcher. If it hadn't been for Page we probably wouldn't even have gotten in the Series. The Indian was Albe Reynolds. Schulte was telling Harris that Page had nothing on the ball and that Reynolds was hot as a pistol."

MacPhail shook his head. "It was the most dramatic moment I had ever experienced in baseball. I held my breath as I wanted to hear what Harris would do. Then Bucky turned around and saw me hiding in the ramp. He grinned and said, 'Well, boss, this probably means even more to you than it does to me. What do you say?' I said, 'Bucky, you've been calling them for 154 games and six games of the Series and I guess you call this one.'"

MacPhail went over to the other sofa and sat down. He let the drama sink in and then he said quietly, "Harris just nodded his head, and then he called down to Crosetti at the other end of the dugout."

MacPhail cupped his hands to his mouth (impersonating Bucky Harris) and yelled: "Give me Page!" He stared at me, calculating the effect of his story. He resumed:

"So Page came in, and for the rest of the game it looked like he was throwing aspirin tablets. We won 5-2. But what if they had knocked him out of there? The whole bench had heard Crosetti relay the message from Schulte that Page didn't have a thing.

The story would have leaked out, and if we had lost on Harris' gamble, Bucky would have been a discredited manager and the second guessers would have had a field day. But Bucky Harris knew his Joe Page."

MacPhail got up and said, "Come here, I want to show you something." We walked into the dining room and he stopped before a buffet with a handsome silver service on it.

"Now I've been often criticized for running down to the clubhouse after that game and announcing my resignation. I'm frank to say it was a great mistake, even if it was an emotional mistake. I shouldn't have done anything to detract from the players at a joyful moment. They should have had all the headlines. Instead, next day the papers were filled with stories of how I had announced my resignation at the clubhouse celebration."

six or seven thousand dollars. I treasure it above anything I have, except my family." He pointed carelessly to the big silver tray. "There's an inscription there." He turned and walked back toward the living room.

The inscription on the tray read: "To Larry MacPhail, the greatest executive in baseball, whose zealous efforts were the greatest factor in our 19-game winning streak and the winning of the American League pennant and world championship in 1947. From his Yankees." Reproduced on the tray were the signatures of the 37 players and coaches.

This affectionate testimonial and the violently contrasting newspaper headlines about the manner of MacPhail's leave-taking of the Yankees fit into a theme of point and counterpoint that runs through all that has been written and said about



MacPhail's resignation as Yankee president stunned players celebrating 1947 Series win. Here he explains to Joe Page, winning pitcher (center) and others.

"The papers, alas, were filled with more than that. They reported, with eyewitness accounts, MacPhail's appearance at an evening celebration at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. He arrived, apparently in a mood to kidnap a kaiser, took a punch at John McDonald, who had been his traveling secretary with the Brooklyn Dodgers, and told George Weiss, the Yankee farm director, that he was fired forthwith.)

MacPhail gestured at the silver service on the buffet. "This is something that was sent to me months after my retirement. I've never seen anything like it, it must have cost

MacPhail. I had heard it expressed in talks I had with a dozen or so of MacPhail's former associates. What all of them had said about the paradox of MacPhail was reflected in what James Mulvey, one of the directors of the Brooklyn Dodgers when MacPhail was brought in to head up the floundering ball club, had said at lunch a few days before.

"If MacPhail came to me tomorrow," said Mulvey, "with a proposition he had dreamed up, I'd be tempted to chuck everything and go in with him. [Mulvey is with Samuel Goldwyn Productions.] I'd just like to be

continued

around him, to watch him work. MacPhail can make a success of anything he puts his mind to. If I went in with him I wouldn't want any written agreement. MacPhail's word would be good enough for me because, above everything else and despite all the controversies his redheaded temperament has got him into, MacPhail has integrity. And integrity is what he is always looking for in other people. Baseball misses MacPhail. It certainly could use him today."

I walked into the living room and said to MacPhail, "A year or so ago you said unlimited night baseball—which you introduced at Cincinnati—was going to kill the day game. Does it still look that way?"

"Day baseball," said MacPhail, "is now dead for all practical purposes. Sooner or later the game will be played in its entirety at night and, as I've said before, then baseball will be squarely in the amusement, the entertainment business along with wrestling, midget auto racing and the trotting tracks. But the big tragedy in baseball is that the amateur spirit has gone out of it to a large extent. Now you may say, how can you have an amateur spirit in professional sport? Well, I'll tell you. It's been done just a few miles from here, in Baltimore. The men who brought the Baltimore Colts back in professional football have that amateur spirit. They're in the game, primarily, because they're sportsmen, they love the game, and as a result the whole promotion down there has got hurt in it. It's taken Baltimore by storm."

He jumped to his feet and threw out his arms, raising his voice.

"I went up to New York last year to see the Giants play the Colts in that terrific game. Now I've seen lots of great sporting events in Yankee Stadium, the World Series, world championship fights, the Army-Notre Dame game, but never—never in my life—have I witnessed anything like that Giants-Colts game. Why, the whole town of Baltimore would have been there if the people could have got tickets. I never saw such spirit or heard as much noise in all my experience. A fellow asked me at that game, 'Larry, did you ever think you'd see such interest and enthusiasm in professional football?' I said no, I didn't think it possible, and I was never so wrong about anything in my life! Now, I owned a third interest in a

major league football team, but I sold it and I was wrong, dead wrong."

He sank down on the sofa.

"That's what's missing in baseball today," he went on. "That's what's basically wrong with the game. It's too commercialized, there are too many ball clubs owned by breweries or contractors and by other people whose major interest is in the advertising value or the publicity or the contacts the ownership of a ball club gives them. I remember running into Ty Cobb one time, and I said, 'Ty, why have you lost interest in the game?' And Ty said, 'Larry, the old home-town spirit is gone. It just doesn't exist any more.'"

"What's going to happen?"

"Apparently," said MacPhail, "the club owners are just going to sit back and wait for pay television to solve all their problems."

"What do you think about the third league idea?"

"Baloney!" exclaimed MacPhail. "It's simply more evidence of the almost hopeless confusion that exists in baseball today."

"You're for expanding the present leagues?"

"Well," said MacPhail, "of course, I am. It's really a joke when you stop to think that one major league has only one club east of the Ohio River and the other has only one club west of Chicago. The largest city in the country has baseball only 77 days a year. So the majority of club owners have what are in effect semiservice monopolies, and they don't want to give them up."

**T**HEY don't want to see expansion. They won't take the steps necessary to expand each league into 12 clubs with an eastern and western division in each league, each division composed of six clubs."

"How fast could that be done?"

"Oh," said MacPhail, "it probably wouldn't be advisable to add four additional clubs to each league in one season. But it would be possible to add two clubs to each league next year and two more two or three years from now. The only thing preventing this is the selfishness of a group of club owners in control of each major league. They simply don't want expansion and so they say, 'Oh, God bless the third league.'"

(Later, when formation of the new Continental League was announced, MacPhail still insisted that the idea was "silly.")

Jeanie came into the room, carrying her toy flute.

"How's it going?" asked MacPhail, smiling at her.

"Not so good," said Jeanie, looking at the flute.

"It will come to you all at once," said MacPhail.

Jeanie hesitated a moment and then said, "You promised I could hear the *My Fair Lady* tapes to-night." (Promises are not taken lightly in the MacPhail household. Frequently, in dubious cases, Jeanie will win her point by declaring, "You promised—and a MacPhail never breaks a promise.")

MacPhail snapped his fingers. "That's right, I did promise. I'll put them on right now." He got up and gestured for me to follow him into the control room for his stereophonic sound setup. "I just got these new tapes in New York and we haven't played them yet," he said. In the control room, designed for him by NBC as a gesture of appreciation for his pioneering of radio broadcasts and the first experimental telecasts of baseball, he threaded the tapes and set the tone and volume knobs and we went back to the living room to listen. Jeanie had stretched out on the sofa. MacPhail and I took chairs at the far end of the room to get the explained) fullstereophonic effect.

The wonderful music filled the vast room. Outside the picture window moonlight bathed the great trees around the house. The rain in Spain fell mainly on the plain, and Eliza Doolittle had got it—even if Jeanie MacPhail hadn't quite gotten *Skoo*, *Fly* on her toy flute just yet.

Mrs. MacPhail, having heard the music, came into the room and sat down near Jeanie. MacPhail looked around and raised a finger in greeting. He rested his head on the back of his chair and closed his eyes to listen.

It was a rare and euphoric moment. But in the mind of one of the company present there was growing anxiety. How does a house guest go about asking his host to tell about the time he was thrown in the clink for fighting the cops at Bowie?

## NEXT WEEK

Courtroom lawyer and football referee; baseball and some famous incidents; a carrot for Sea Chugger; an afternoon at Fimlico; what really happened that black day at Bowie.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# The readers take over

## MR. BRUNDAGE ON CHINA

Sirs:  
As a sports magazine you will surely not hesitate to follow your own prescription from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Aug. 3): "As Confucius says, 'A man who has committed a mistake and does not correct it is committing another mistake.'"

From *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, July 6): "In the weeks since we first reported and commented here on the IOC's self-styled 'nonpolitical' decision to outlaw Nationalist China and declare Mao Tse-tung's China the legal overlords of all Chinese athletes (81, June 8, et seq.), that decision and Brundage's defense of it have earned the condemnation of"—etc., etc.

This statement includes several mistakes:

1) The IOC never "outlawed Nationalist China."

2) The IOC never "dedared Mao Tse-tung's China the legal overlords of all Chinese athletes."

3) Brundage never defended these actions because they were occurred.

4) The condemnation was of something that was never done.

The IOC action was based on the fact that the Olympic Committee in Taiwan called itself "Chinese National Olympic Committee" and was listed under the heading "CHINA," thus implying that it controlled sport in all of China. As requested by the IOC, it has now changed and adopted the name by which its country is generally known and it admits that it does not pretend to control sport in China.

AVERY BRUNDAGE

Chicago

● We remain glad that Mr. Brundage, after a period of soul-searching, decided to support the re-entry of the Nationalist Chinese under the name of Republic of China. The name China is precious to the Nationalist Chinese—among other things as the name under which they retain permanent membership in the U.N.'s Security Council. The "advice" to reply as Formosa or Taiwan amounted to a conscious or unconscious intervention by the International Olympic Committee in international politics. We trust that Mr. Brundage will be able to persuade the rest of the IOC to accept the Republic of China at their meeting in February 1960.—ED.

## CHESS: SEND BOBBY TO YUGOSLAVIA

Sirs:  
I am wondering if there is anything you could do to let people know about

the situation of my 14-year-old son Bobby Fischer, the U.S. chess champion. Although he is the official U.S. representative to the Candidates' Tournament, to be held in Yugoslavia Sept. 6 to Oct. 31, he has not yet been provided with any funds at all to cover his expenses. He has already poured his own prize winnings, and my money, into essential preparations for this tournament. With another \$2,000, half for his expense, half to pay for a second, Bobby could be sure of being able to take part in this event.

The winner of this eight-man competition will become the new challenger in 1960 for the world championship title held by Russia's Mikhail Botvinnik. Four



BOBBY FISCHER AND HIS MOTHER

of the eight candidates are Russians, well provided with seconds, physical trainers, money and every moral and financial backing. Bobby must rely entirely on his own efforts and winnings and actually pays for the privilege of representing the U.S.

He is the only American who has played abroad at all so far this year. From March to June he represented the United States at strong international events in Argentina, Chile and Switzerland. Their players, many of them substantial professional men, all receive their expenses as a matter of course.

Bobby's finances and mine cannot stand up under this terrific drain. Bobby is sacrificing his schooling trying to compete and at the same time earn his own financial backing. Bobby wants to win for the U.S. and has been doing it, but the effort of doing it singlehanded is ruinous.

I wish something could be done to assure his participation in this coming tournament and also in the other top-flight events in which he hopes to play and win.

MRS. REGINA FISCHER

Brooklyn

● *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is happy to be able to give some financial assistance to Bobby Fischer, who at 14 is indeed the U.S. Champion, so that he may compete abroad in a game which commands a great deal of international respect and attention. Readers who wish to assist Bobby should send their contributions to Bobby Fischer at the U.S. Chess Federation, 80 East 11th Street, New York 3. All money received, says Mrs. Fischer, will be acknowledged and publicly accounted for, and any sums in excess of those actually needed by Bobby in this tournament will be used for the promotion of chess in America through the federation.—ED.

## THIRD LEAGUE: REBUTTAL

Sirs:

A three-league World Series (19th HOLE, Aug. 3), not only is feasible, but it would be interesting.

Why not have the team with the best win-loss record in the three leagues draw a bye? The other two would play a best-of-five series with the win-loss leader having the home game advantage, with three of five possible games in his park.

The winner would meet with the third team in a best-of-seven series, with the team that had already played having the home advantage as compensation.

Not only would this give the public more World Series for their money, but it would make the entire season more interesting because the leading team would be trying even harder to win more games so that they might draw the bye.

JAY BRYANT

Harmony, Me.

## YOU ARE THERE

Sirs:

I am immensely interested in the proposal of Sterling Quinlan, vice-president of Chicago's WBBB-TV, to bring videotaped bullfights into United States living rooms (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, July 20).

First of all, I believe it would help promote better international understanding among the Latin American countries and ourselves.

Those people who might be agitated such a proposal, due to so-called humane reasons, probably have never seen a bullfight. Before passing judgment on a sport,

continued



**THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT EXODUS**  
in which a loyal band of Lamplighter  
fans set sail for the American  
Colonies, being unable to  
endure their clubs or pubs  
without their favorite gin.  
(All Lamplighter now  
being shipped to the States.)

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND  
**LAMPLIGHTER GIN**  
AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS,  
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#### 19TH HOLE continued

one should at least see it for oneself.  
Even though the bullfights might not  
be of the highest quality at first, I believe  
that they will be of interest to the tele-  
viewer.

CORBIN M. WRIGHT  
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

#### BASEBALL: DOUBLE STANDARD?

Sirs:

It is really disgusting to see a double  
standard of justice in our national pas-  
time of baseball. I am referring to the  
recent actions of American League Presi-  
dent Joe Cronin relating to the two recent  
incidents in Boston, the first involving  
Yankees Ryne Duran and Yogi Berra, the  
second Indian Manager Joe Gordon and  
Outfielder Minnie Minoso.

Mr. Cronin was reported as saying that  
it would be unfair to suspend the Yankee  
stars in the heat of the pennant race. Yet  
he not only suspended Gordon and Minoso  
for three days but also fined each \$200.

Apparently Mr. Cronin must not con-  
sider Cleveland, Chicago and Baltimore  
as being in the heat of the pennant race,  
or is it Boston, Kansas City and New York  
in the fight for the pennant?

CLEYNATH MARTIN  
Norfolk, Va.

#### IT'S A WONDERFUL TOWN

Sirs:

I would just like to show a few facts  
to the reader who said New York is a  
dead sports town (19th HOLE, July 20).  
Yankee attendance up 25%, with largest  
major league crowd, 68,488; last year  
Roosevelt and Yankee raceways attract  
over 5 million fans; Giants professional  
football netted alltime high; Knicks  
draw alltime record crowd at Garden;  
Rangers play at the Garden to largest  
afternoon crowd ever; Mulrose (track)  
Games sold out; wrestling packs Garden  
to capacity.

So, you see, Mr. Unlunt, the Big Town  
is far from dead. I'd say it's just been  
born.

DENNIS B. BRADY  
New York City

#### OUR KIDS

Sirs:

Between you and me, Sirs, if those 48  
pictures on seven pages (WONDERFUL  
WORLD, July 27) of an over-stuffed, con-  
tail-clutching fame-seeker are sports, our  
country should, indeed, be concerned over  
the health and mental fiber of our society.  
Our kids are going to continue believing  
that it isn't who you are, who you know,  
what you wear or cash afford to pay on  
sporting activities that stimulate a sports-  
man's attitude in life.

MRS. JACK NUTTER  
Newark, Ohio

#### KINGS OF THE KING OF SPORTS

Sirs:

It was with amusement that I read the  
article "Shades of Brooklyn" (EVENING  
& DISCO NEWS, July 27) which purported  
to describe a soccer match between Real



Madrid of Spain and Graz of Austria at Ebbets Field but actually amounted to no more than inaudible sentimentality about some vanished baseball outfit.

Strangely enough, this match offered the finest opportunity for what should have been a fascinating report. For example, Real Madrid is four-time winner in four years of the Cup of European Champions. This means that they are not the best of 16 clubs but of some 300 professional clubs from 16 countries containing a population far larger than that of the United States.

Real Madrid is probably the richest soccer club in the world. Their stadium has a seating capacity of 135,000 spectators. They fill this stadium most of the time; they fill any other stadium in the world (except in the United States); and there is not the least danger that they will ever have to move to Zaragoza for lack of public support, competition from TV, bullfighting or any other reason.

Now to the players (I shall limit myself to the forward line). The right wing is Kopa, who was acquired from France some years ago at the preinflationary price of \$75,000. Kopa is the idol of every kid in France. A soda pop, shirt, sports equipment (among others) have been named after him, and he was largely responsible for France's excellent showing in the 1958 Soccer World Cup. Inside right is Puskas, the captain of Hungary's "Wonder team" (1952 to 1956). When the Hungarian revolt broke out, Puskas and his teammates of the Honved Club were abroad and refused to return home. Pressure, promises and cajoling made some of them change their minds, but Puskas remained firm, was suspended by the international soccer organization (FIFA) for two years and then bought by Real Madrid. Di Stefano, the center forward, was acquired from Argentina via Colombia for a sum that must have been well above \$250,000. When the Franco government made some difficulties about his naturalization (which would allow him to play for the Spanish National Team), popular pressure became so strong that the matter was straightened out in record time.

I have nothing sensational to report about inside left, Rial, except that he is a magnificent player. Left wing Genito (transfer value about \$200,000) is one of the most fantastic wingers in soccer. Fast, tricky, flashy, a pure delight to watch, matched only by such incomparable wingers as Brazil's Garrincha and England's (Sir) Stanley Matthews.

In summary, these men are kings in the king of sports who honored us (I am using the word deliberately, for their average fee per game is \$25,000, and they must have reduced this sum considerably for the New York encounter) with their visit. Was your reporter unable to appreciate the consummate artistry of these masters? Did the sentimental tears about past ungentlemanly behavior of baseball celebrities prevent him from seeing the spectacle which drew 200,000 in Rio? Surely, sirs, your reporter remembers a man who has before him a bottle of the most exquisite wine and keeps bawling about the Coca-Cola he would like to drink.

LEO WEINSTEIN

Palo Alto, Calif.



*the nicest things happen to people who carry*

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## Pat on the Back



**RALPH JENKINS**

### *'One for Brother Rock'*

At the Southern Zone Trapshoot in Louisville the other day, the sharp-eyed gentleman shown above raised his favorite 12-gauge shotgun and in an experienced voice called for his clay bird to be released. As he followed the bird, got his shot off and pulverized it, fellow competitors ran up to congratulate him: Ralph Jenkins, a 70-year-old stockman from Orleans, Indiana, had become the first man ever to have fired at 200,000 registered singles targets.

It took Jenkins 33 years of competitive trapshooting and an estimated \$28,000 worth of shells and targets to reach the 200,000 mark, a record that is likely to stand for some time. Actually, Jenkins figures that since

taking up trapshooting in 1905 he has shot at more than half a million targets, but no official records were kept until the Amateur Trapshooting Association was organized in 1923. Since 1930, Jenkins has taken numerous class championships and has a lifetime average of breaking close to 95% of the singles targets he has fired at. In addition, he is one of the world's noted live-bird shooters. Jenkins' brother Rock also began an outstanding trapshooting career in 1905. At his death, Rock Jenkins led all records, having shot at 186,000 registered targets. "Brother Rock wanted to hit the 200,000 mark so badly," says Ralph Jenkins, "I actually wanted to shoot that one more for my brother than for myself."



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

## Breakneck riders invite disaster in Argentina's galloping basketball

**1.** "Outlawed for a century because of its threat to life and limb, a scouted scrimmage with a leather ball is now the national sport of Argentina. It's called Polo. On a trip to South America via Pan American World Airways, I found what a rough game Polo can be," writes George Noren, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Severe penalties keep injuries down. But to sweep up the ball at a gallop, you have to be expert or reckless. Even a practice session set a murderous pace for me.



**2.** "Yelling like ganchos on the pampas, some Buenos Aires sportsmen initiated me to Polo with a vengeance. I'm no stranger to horses, but with Polo I never got a chance to catch my breath from start to finish.



**3.** "Trying for a field goal, I had to charge through the pack and let fly at the net without applying the brakes. No wonder I missed. When my hosts suggested a real match, I bowed out. As far as I'm concerned, Polo is a spectator sport.



**4.** "Wild horses couldn't have kept me anchored from the polo game itself. I found my South American friends every bit as partial to Canadian Club as I am."

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like it. You can stay with it all evening long... in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for over 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

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